

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 12, 1971

TIME



Who Shares the Guilt?

**Lieut.
William
Calley Jr.**



Everything you can fit in the trunk of a \$7,200 Lincoln you can fit in the trunk of a \$3,600 Audi.

Hard to believe, isn't it?

The Audi, which is about three-quarters the size of the Lincoln Continental, has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental.

We figured you'd find it hard to believe. So we went out and filled both cars to the brim with identical things and...voilà. Everything that fit in the trunk of the Lincoln fit in the trunk of the Audi. *Everything.*

The \$7,200** Lincoln is just one of many great cars the Audi has something in common with.

Note: The Audi has inboard disc brakes like the Porsche 917 racing car. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

Note: The Audi has the same type of

steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

Note: The Audi's interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you'll find it hard to tell them apart.

Note: You'll be glad to know you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

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*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. Audi: \$3,595; West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. **Suggested retail price F.O.B. Detroit—Lincoln Continental \$7,213.

At some companies, the assembly line isn't the only place you find interchangeable parts.

Be wary of the organization whose executive lapses too quickly into the "we're-all-little-cogs-in-the-great-big-wheel, we're-all-just-members-of-the-team" brand of thinking.

You've met the guy. If you're young and unlucky, you may have confronted him at a score of job interviews. If you're older, wiser and luckier, you may only have had to listen to him at an infrequent business lunch (where at least he could do you no permanent damage).

At best, he is a bore talking to hear himself talk. More frightening is the possibility that he believes in what he says and represents accurately the shallowness of his company's understanding of the value of *individualism*.

What's wrong with a wheel full of little cogs?

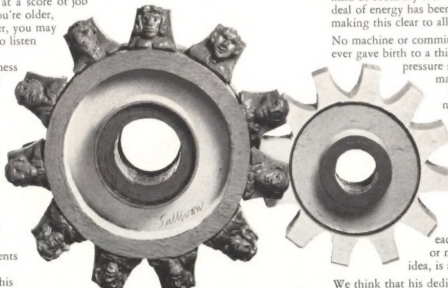
Nothing, as long as you are talking about tractors, not people. But people are not stamped out of stainless-steel, neatly interchangeable with other pieces of stainless-steel.

People think. They grow. They make mistakes and learn. They have ideas. They offer opinions. They share knowledge. They enthuse. They lead. In short, they act like *individuals*.

Would the Minnesota Vikings knock "teamwork"?

Yes. If it meant to them a blind and desperate game of follow-the-leader, as it does to so many institutions.

We think that "teamwork", even



narrowly defined, leaves room for exceptional contribution on the part of exceptional members of the team without diminishing the success of the whole. We'll bet that the Vikings agree with us.

There's a catch to it.

People need the right climate. They simply will not act like individuals unless you treat them like individuals. Mostly, they won't offer opinions unless you make it clear that you are seeking opinions. They certainly aren't going to risk the

possibility of making mistakes unless they know that you believe a few mistakes on the way to greatness are inevitable.

At 3M, we are committed to a belief in individual worth. And we haven't kept it locked in our hearts as a kind of brotherly secret. A good deal of energy has been devoted to making this clear to all our people.

No machine or committee at 3M ever gave birth to a thing like pressure sensitive masking tape, or an amazing new office machine that copies color in color. At the heart of each new invention, each production or marketing idea, is an *individual*.

We think that his dedication and spirit of discovery has a direct relation to our dedication to the principle of individual worth.

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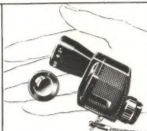
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LETTERS

Presumptuous Intercession?

Sir: As a Roman Catholic, as a supporter of the free expression of ideas, and as a believer in the virginity of Mary, I offer Ti-Grace Atkinson my apologies for the outlandish behavior of Patricia Buckley Bozell [March 22]. Never before has the Virgin Mary required the use of arms—or hands—to defend her. Mrs. Bozell was rather presumptuous to think that Mary now needed her intercession.

RICHARD J. ORLOSKI
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir: Both Ti-Grace Atkinson and Mrs. Bozell have missed the point. As every Spirit-filled Christian (man or woman) knows, nothing is more thrilling or fulfilling than to be "used" by the Holy Spirit.

(MRS.) KATHERINE W. RUTT
Wilson, N.Y.

Sir: Hooray for Ti-Grace. The Catholic Church doesn't worship Mary the enlightened, wise mother-person, but Mary the submissive, pious, baby maker—the receptacle for the great He-God.

The church Mary sounds like a gold-plated goddess. Mary the receptacle is not the representative of the very real female force alive on this planet.

ROYETTA RULE-BOYD
Portland, Ore.

Sir: Too bad the slap did not connect, worse that it was Pat Bozell who was "husled outside," and worst of all that Ti-

Grace Atkinson was a speaker at Catholic University in the first place. My anger gave way to nausea before the Atkinson pose of phony compassion for "that face," which she claims to have seen in churches! Does Ti-Grace read hysteria and desperation in the face of the *Pietà*?

ANDRÉ HUMBERT
Westwood, N.J.

Ego Showing

Sir: Your story on George C. Scott [March 22] makes him sound like nothing so much as a spoiled and self-worshipping brat. Why should he be so ornery? It is just his egotism showing.

LAURENCE K. FRANK, D.S.C.
Grove City, Pa.

Sir: George C. Scott is the most imperative, intense and provocative actor since Humphrey Bogart.

I look forward to watching Mr. Scott play every great figure in history and legend from Little Bo-Peep up—and don't tell me he can't do it.

WALTER T. GODDARD JR.
Melbourne, Fla.

Sir: It's a shame that Mr. Scott is refusing the Oscar. The award would be a boost to the egos of the people who worked with him, and I gather, they do deserve a pat on the back after that experience.

(MRS.) CAROLINE PARDY
Yonkers, N.Y.

Aggressive El Monte

Sir: I must protest the gross misconception perpetrated in your article on suburbia [March 15]. El Monte has many faces, and TIME is unjust in describing the least desirable attributes of our city.

El Monte has a \$500,000 recreation budget, a \$175,000 park maintenance budget and a community center that includes a gym, Olympic swimming pool, auditorium and numerous rooms for all ages to use for hobbies and leisure-time activities. Within the city's boundaries can be found an airport, a three-par golf course, riding stables, the all-new Flair Industrial Park with multistoried Aerojet General Building and other leading industries. The downtown Valley Mall, which is both attractive and practical, has maintained its stores and was one of the first of its kind.

The city is aggressively pursuing programs to attract new business and to upgrade its residential and commercial areas; now the damning influence of TIME's article will make the job doubly hard.

DONALD L. RUSSELL
Assistant Administrative Officer
El Monte, Calif.

Sir: I have lived in El Monte since 1938 and have raised my three children here. Not one of them was ever a delinquent. You make it sound as if this isn't a fit town to raise a dog in.

HELEN TURNER
El Monte, Calif.

Sir: Your article on El Monte was not fair. Other communities have no colleges, and what would a town like ours do with

Latest U.S. Government figures show Carlton still lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested



4 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70



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Mr. & Mrs. Keith Reinhard and their son, Harold.

When Keith Reinhard told his wife that they were going to adopt an ape, she was rather surprised.

As Keith helped her to her feet, he explained that, despite all our efforts at modernization, the Lincoln Park Zoo still needs a new Monkey House. And he told her how, to raise money, we've asked people to adopt an ape.

(Once she heard that their ape would remain with the Zoo for proper care and feeding, Mrs. Reinhard became much more agreeable.)

You too can adopt an ape.

Send us a donation of any size and we'll send you a genuine ape adoption certificate.

Send us \$25 and we'll send you a glorious glossy 8 x 10 photograph of your foster ape.

Send us \$100 and you'll receive a full color, signed and numbered reproduction of an original painting by June, the chimp.

If you send \$500, we'll arrange a nice family photo of you all together.

(A must for your mantel.)

Finally, for a donation of \$10,000 or more, we will name an ape after you. (Think of what that could do for your ego.) Naturally, if you prefer, we could give it any other name. Either way, we'll post a tasteful bronze plaque to commemorate your generosity.

Please help us build our new Monkey House. You'll be as happy as the Reinhards.

Send donations to: **Adopt An Ape**
The Lincoln Park Zoo Society, Box 4759,
Chicago, Illinois 60680. And we thank you.



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pre-rinse them either,
thanks to our self-cleaning filter.



Whirlpool dishwashers
have adjustable upper racks
that can be lowered
to accommodate
tall beer glasses, for example,
or raised (so you can put
large items on the bottom shelf).

Our dishwasher also has
silverware and cutlery baskets
that lift out of the door,
so you can load them
right at the table.

All features (except food warmer and cutting board, of course) are available in under-the-counter models as well.


Whirlpool
CORPORATION

Washers, dryers, refrigerators, dishwashers,
gas cooktops, electric ovens, built-in cooktops and
freezers.

a symphony orchestra? As far as the way we feel about blacks, last year the vice president of our student body was black. The most popular teacher in our school is black.

LISA SOLARIO
El Monte, Calif.

Sir: Having lived in the suburbs, the exurbs and the big city, and having read your article, I would appreciate any data you can supply on living conditions in Tierra del Fuego.

WARREN A. SUGARMAN
San Francisco

► Anyone wanting to emigrate to Tierra del Fuego at the southern tip of South America should have at least \$200,000 and an affection for sheep, the chief industry. About 8,000 of them would give him a good living. He should like eight months of snow a year and temperatures as low as -15°. He can watch I Love Lucy or Mission: Impossible on TV during the long nights.

Sir: Louis Harris and his pollsters (sounds like a rock group) found that three-fifths of suburban's teen-agers are bored; like their parents they want to live "somewhere else," "the open spaces." These kids are being raised with the belief that if things are getting bad where you are, the solution is to move further out, rather than work to improve things where you are. Sooner or later, obviously, there won't be any more "open spaces" left. How in hell can these kids possibly grow up equipped to live in a world where most people are not like themselves?

THE A.C. JESKEY FAMILY
Chicago

The Real Patriots

Sir: In your article "All or Nothing for C.O.s" [March 22], you miss the point in not recognizing that if with all the propaganda resources a nation has, it cannot "sell" a particular war as being "just," and there are so many conscientious objectors to that particular war, then it just should not be fought. I believe it was Eisenhower who said that the urge for peace is so great that some day governments would have to get out of the way of the people. It is not only those ready to fight and kill without personal judgment who are patriotic. Those with the courage to refuse to fight in an unjust war may be judged by history to have been America's patriots.

MIRIAM F. SCHWAB
Havertown, Pa.

Changing an N

Sir: You should be aware that the President of Guatemala's name is not Carlos Arana Osorio but Carlos Arana Osorio [March 22], with an n and not an ñ. The Spanish word arana means spider, and has some unsavory connotations.

JOHN E. PHELPS, Pastor
Trinity Lutheran Church
Manhattan

Cotton and Cheesecloth

Sir: I was interested in your article on the new bags to keep premature babies warm [March 1] as I had a three-pound daughter born at eight months. There were no incubators, so a tiny bag was made for her from absorbent cotton covered with cheesecloth. It had an attached hood, something like a parka, and the bot-

tom was closed. She wasn't bathed for six weeks, but was oiled daily by opening the bag. This was 40 years ago.

(MRS.) MILDRED LAMBLY
Penticton, B.C.

Rough-Hewn, Yes

Sir: Your article on Australia [March 22] is a well-written, well-informed piece of news on current Australian politics. But your heading, "Fall of the Larrikin," is very unfair to John Grey Gorton. He may have some faults and would be quick to admit them, but a larrikin [hooligan], no. Rough-hewn and outspoken, yes. He is a tough, typical Aussie.

WILLIAM E. STOKES
Echuca, Australia

Asparagus at Ten Paces

Sir: Unless you retract a statement in your article "Europe's American Tastes" [March 15], I shall be forced to challenge you to a duel at ten paces. My choice of weapons, asparagus spears. It is unthinkable that anyone, even wearing Coke-bottle lenses, could have the audacity to refer to the magnificent Israeli strawberry as scrawny. A bowl of six has to be eaten with knife and fork, for only Martha Raye could possibly eat a whole one.

MRS. M. SINGER
Laval, Que.

Fathers and Sons

Sir: Regarding the article on fathers and sons [March 22], my own concept is that you give your children a first-class education and after that it's up to them.

I see nothing attractive in a group of young men who are prepared to advertise

the fact that they do not enjoy a harmonious relationship with their male progenitors. What these youngsters are saying, in effect, is that their fathers are self-made men who didn't have the problem in their day and don't know how to handle it now.

FRANK C. WESTCOTT
Santiago, Chile

Sir: The picture I saw reflected through TIME's eyes was that of a highly unappreciative, spoiled lot of young men who, having been promised the gift horse, come together to bitch about its breath.

Admittedly, this organization does provide a forum for the release of frustrations engendered by some very trying father-son business relationships. But it should be noted that it was formed by those who have accepted the system, and would like merely to improve it—for their fathers' sakes as well as their own.

ANDREW J. PETKUN
Program Director
The Sons of Boswell
Boston

A Punishing Nomination

Sir: Let's hope that justice is not blind in the case of the "Billboard Bandits" [March 22] in Michigan. My verdict would be to "punish" the youths by nominating them for the Golden Fox Award being sponsored by Environmental Action, Inc., and to "sentence" the state highway officials to comply with the law by removing the remainder of the illegally situated billboards.

DON FISHER
Davis, Calif.

Distressing Theater Economics

Sir: I am pleased that your distinguished critic, T.E. Kalem, had such a jolly time at Oliver Hailey's play *Father's Day* [March 29]. I agree that Mr. Hailey is a very talented writer. I await his next play with sympathetic interest, and like my colleague, I am distressed at any system of theater economics that can cause a play's demise after only one performance.

However, I must take issue when Mr. Kalem suggests that the real reason that I personally did not like this particular comedy is because of my English birth and upbringing. Of the major critics covering the play, according to the tally of the *New York Times*, three liked it, six disliked it and one was mixed. In a similar, but slightly wider tally, *Variety* notes that four critics liked it, three were undecided and eight were unfavorable.

Of course, that Mr. Kalem is in a minority does not mean that he is necessarily right or wrong. Nor does it mean that the majority of the New York critics are either English born or bred or willfully indulging in un-American activities.

It is, I think, always dangerous when you start to make ethnic or racist generalizations. Dangerous—and, some people would say, reprehensible.

CLIVE BARNES
Manhattan

Sir: You have restored my sanity, and I begin my next play today—in honor of T.E. Kalem. My wife would like to marry him, or whatever. That goes double for my mother. Our deepest thanks.

OLIVER HALEY
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 12, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 13

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Walking for Peace

Long before the Calley conviction ignited new pain and anger over the Viet Nam War, Louise Bruyn, a diminutive teacher of modern dance and mother of three, fretted over her inability to express forcefully her opposition to the war. She is not a fiery speaker, felt no urge to organize. But she is a physically fit 40, with strong legs, and so she decided to walk—all the 450 miles from her home in Newton, Mass., to Washington. She carried some theses, à la Martin Luther, to deliver to the Capitol.

Bearing a 14-lb. orange backpack and wearing an orange windbreaker, Mrs. Bruyn trudged along lightly traveled roads, stopping each night at the homes of prearranged hosts. While her husband, a sociologist at Boston College, stayed home to keep house and be with their children, Mrs. Bruyn quietly explained her feelings about the war to friendly truckers, construction workers and schoolchildren along the way. "The vast majority of the people were with me," she reported, "I was called a traitor only three times."

Last week, shivering and footsore after 45 days of hiking, Mrs. Bruyn reached the Capitol steps in a chilling rain. She handed the peace theses, one of which urged an immediate withdrawal of all U.S. ground and air personnel from Southeast Asia, to two of her home-state legislators: Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Rev. Robert Drinan. She prayed silently for peace. Her walk, she explained, was just "a personal act of commitment. So many people feel that there is nothing one person can do."

Tip for Tap

While civil libertarians assail the invasion of privacy by federal agents and local cops who tap private telephones, it seems the snooping business is not a government monopoly. In this electronic age, the feds, too, can be kept under surveillance. Lawyers for Joseph A. Colombo Sr. proved that with rare candor last week. They called Justice Department officials in New York City to arrange for the surrender of the reputed underworld chieftain (TIME, April 5) on a charge of running a \$5-million-a-year gambling operation—before the warrant for his arrest had been issued. How did Colombo's men hear about it? They had a tap, they said, on the phone of the department's Brooklyn office.

Southwest Passage

Without a dissenting vote, the Texas House of Representatives passed a resolution last week praising one Albert DeSalvo for "noted activities and unconventional techniques involving population control and applied psychology," which had made him "an acknowledged leader in his field." It also applauded his "dedicated devotion to his work." Introduced by Representative Tom Moore Jr. of Waco to demonstrate how thoughtlessly state legislators often vote on obscure and special bills, the resolution honored a man now serving a life sentence for armed robbery and assault—and more commonly known as the self-proclaimed "Boston Strangler."

Scouting New Territory

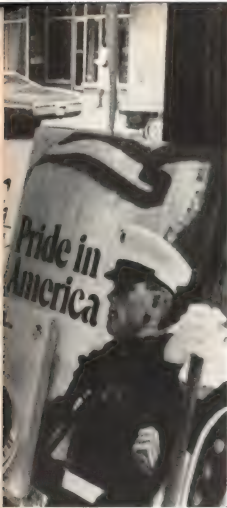
Was it merely another triumph of Women's Lib or a conquest by curious young males? No matter, another masculine sanctuary has fallen. The Boy Scouts of America revealed last week that one of its more mature divisions is accepting girls as full members. Designed for Scouts aged 14 to 20 who wish to pursue special interests, the branch is called, appropriately, the Explorer program.



VIET NAM VETERANS PROTEST VERDICT

BODIES OF MASSACRE VICTIMS AS RECORDED





AT RECRUITING STATION IN TRENTON

BY COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER AT MY LAI



The Wound Reopened

VIET NAM is the wound in American life that will not heal, however soothed it may seem for long stretches under the balm of continuing U.S. withdrawals. Last week it opened anew in an angry, troubling and sometimes ugly hemorrhaging of national passions. The cause was the verdict of premeditated murder against Lieut. William Calley, a decision that served to arouse all the varied and temporarily suppressed emotions of America's longest and most frustrating war.

The hostile reaction ranged across the political spectrum. War critics on the left saw in Calley's conviction for slaying old men, women and children in My Lai in 1968 fresh proof of the immorality of the entire Viet Nam involvement. The war's supporters on the right read in the verdict a repudiation of the valor and honor of all American fighting men in Viet Nam. If the alliance was odd, the effect might be odder still. It was too soon to be certain, but there was seemingly a new readiness, born of disgust and weariness on both sides, to hasten the end of American participation in Indochina.

Against the System. The public outcry stunned the White House. Special procedures were set up to handle the avalanche of telegrams, letters and telephone calls. Nearly all the messages deplored the conviction. Nixon ordered his staff to evaluate the reaction of both the country and the Congress. A legislative aide found a new mood on Capitol Hill. "This Calley thing cuts across all the lines, Democrat and Republican, liberal and conservative, hawk and dove," he reported. "It's not just concern for one man. They're translating it into a protest against the System and against the war. Real hard hawks are calling and saying, 'The President has got to get out.'"

As evidence of the growing disaffection of congressional hawks, Nixon aides sent copies of antiwar speeches by two Congress Representatives to the President at the Western White House in San Clemente. Both Democrats John J. Flynt and Phil M. Landrum reversed their consistent support of the Administration on the war and voted against an extension of the draft (which nonetheless passed 293 to 99). Flynt told a hushed House: "My conscience will not let me vote to continue to conscript young Americans to fight a war which most Americans do not want and a war which the U.S. Government apparently lacks the courage to either win or stop."

The furor also stirred up the recently quiescent peace movement. Leaders of a three-week springtime peace offensive centering around May Day hope to attract as many as 500,000 protesters to rallies in Washington. More than 400 student-body presidents and college editors last week sent a letter to the Pres-

ident assailing his Vietnamization policy, arguing that "changing the color of the corpses does not end the war." The editors of four of the nation's leading Catholic and Protestant journals prepared a joint editorial charging that "American military might is repeating the crucifixion of Christ" in Viet Nam.

That, of course, was hyperbole—soon echoed by Vice President Agnew. He charged that "home-front snipers" had "falsely stereotyped" U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam as "drug addicts and cold-blooded criminals." Agnew also argued that "the rather abnormal fears and the conditions in a military operation are not subject to Monday-morning quarterback judgment by someone sitting comfortably in an office in Washington." Applied to Calley, that principle ignores the fact that the jurors who convicted Calley had all served in combat.

Extralegal Ingredient. The President was deeply troubled by the Calley case. He awoke in his San Clemente bedroom at 2 a.m., made some notes, and next morning called in his senior aides to consult about what could be done. His first decision was to intervene as Commander in Chief to permit Calley to continue living in his bachelor's quarters at Fort Benning until all his appeals have been acted upon. It was a decision probably reflecting Nixon's concern both as President and as politician: the move might help cool the country and would appeal to Nixon's natural constituency. Such presidential intervention was most unusual and it put all of the military appeal courts on notice that the President was uncommonly concerned about the case. However scrupulous such judicial officers might be, that knowledge could influence the handling of the case.

But even that was not enough. Two days later, he decided "to add an extralegal ingredient to the review process," as Aule John Ehrlichman explained. That ingredient was Nixon's dramatic promise to decide personally Calley's case once the review procedure is exhausted and before he ever serves a day of his sentence to hard labor for life.

Embattled again on his war policy, Nixon could use the new Viet Nam outcry to speed up disengagement by the U.S., and not risk the wrath of conservatives if the South Vietnamese government should later prove incapable of carrying the fight alone. He has promised to announce a new withdrawal schedule this week, and is expected to increase the pace to at least 15,000 men a month, some 2,500 over the current rate. That would reduce troop strength in Viet Nam to about 50,000 by the middle of next year. Whether that will satisfy the renewed yearning for an end to the war seems increasingly doubtful, given the fresh divisions and the moral torments caused by the Calley verdict.

The Clamor Over Calley:



CALLEY

After the verdict, an instant hero.

LIEUT. WILLIAM CALLEY's secretary, Mrs. L Shirley Sewell, had just come back to his apartment with the 1971 tags for Calley's Volkswagen and motorboat. Calley had just got up from a nap when Captain Brooks Doyle Jr., his young deputy military counsel, walked through the door. "They've got a verdict, Rusty," Doyle said. Calley stopped in his tracks, his face a mask of fear, his right fist pounding into his left palm. "So they're finally ready," he mumbled, turning into the bedroom to don his Army greens. Half an hour later, Calley walked shakily before the six-man jury, saluted and heard the verdict: on three counts, guilty of premeditated murder of at least 22 Vietnamese civilians; on the fourth count, guilty of assault with intent to commit murder on a child approximately two years old.

Ashen, Calley marched off to the Fort Benning stockade. The next afternoon he was back before the court-martial to make a final statement before sentencing. Choking back tears, occasionally gasping for breath, Calley spoke first strongly, then in a breaking voice. "Yesterday you stripped me of all my honor. Please, by your actions that you take here today, don't strip future soldiers of their honor." Captain Aubrey M. Daniel III, 29, Calley's brilliant, tenacious prosecutor, followed. "You did not strip him of his honor," Daniel told the jury. "What he did stripped him of his honor. It never can be honor to kill unarmed men, women and children. We know that you will arrive at an appropriate sentence." The next day Calley made his final appearance in the courtroom. Looking up at Calley occasionally, Colonel Clifford Ford, president of the jury, read out the formal phrases of the sentence:

"... confined at hard labor for the length of your natural life ... dismissed from the service ... forfeit all pay and allowances." Quietly Calley replied. "I'll do my best, sir." Later he telephoned his secretary, who was on the edge of tears. "Listen, sugar," said Calley, "don't break down on me now."

Even after months of grisly testimony, the jury's stern judgment came as a shock. It was as though the verdict had finally brought the ultimate horror of My Lai home to Americans, and acceptance of that horror was agonizing. The widespread initial reaction to My Lai—that no American soldier could have done such a thing—in many cases changed to the notion that Calley had only been doing his duty. In a new book called *Sanctions for Evil*, the title of one chapter sardonically sums up the horrendous confusion: "It Never Happened and Besides They Deserved It." With an astounding, indeed sickening distortion of moral sensibility, many Americans tried to turn Calley into a hero. Many others sought refuge

in the oversimple conclusion that Calley was merely a scapegoat. Some echoed the argument of Calley's chief defense counsel, George Latimer, that the Army sent Calley to Viet Nam to kill and should not punish him for doing precisely that. Says Harvard Sociologist Nathan Glazer: "Who is at fault? The people who gave the orders or the people who fought? This question will dominate American politics for the next ten years."

Battle Hymn

Much of the sympathy for Calley seemed to be centered in the South and in the Midwest, and some of the forms it took bordered on secession. Indiana's Governor Edgar Whitcomb, a World War II veteran, ordered all flags on state property flown at half-mast in protest against the verdict. Alabama's Governor George Wallace paid a twelve-minute call on the lieutenant en route to a pro-Calley rally that was also attended by Mississippi's Governor John Bell Williams and Georgia's Lieut. Governor Lester Maddox. Draft boards in Athens, Ga., and Huron County, Mich., resigned en masse.

A South Georgia sheriff, J.W. ("Gator") Johnson, said that he would not arrest AWOL soldiers: "I'll protect them any way I can until this Calley thing is cleaned up," he declared. In Austin, Texas, the *Statesman* ran a scornful front-page editorial titled "Obituary U.S. Army"—and sold out the issue. "The death was announced by a general court-martial of six men," the editorial said. "Pallbearers will include Senators Fulbright, Kennedy and McGovern. Honorary pallbearers will include Moratorium marchers." The Texas senate called for a presidential pardon. Atlanta Printer Sam Yalanzon had takers for FREE CALLEY bumper stickers as fast as he could turn them out. Two radio stations in North Carolina and one in Roswell, N. Mex., announced that they would suspend broadcasts of Army public-service messages.

Some veterans of Viet Nam and earlier wars were especially vehement in their response to the Calley verdict. In St. John, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, Robert Whitaker, 75, and a World War I veteran, flew his American flag upside down and at half-staff. In Cushing, Okla., two veterans of both World War II and Korea tried to surrender to police for their own war crimes. Said one of them, Stanley Gertner, a former Marine master sergeant: "If this man is guilty, he is guilty for the same thing we did. We shot up villages under orders and killed countless civilians." Cushing police put the two men in jail and then telephoned the provost marshal at Fort Sill, who explained that he had no jurisdiction; both men were released. Retired Major General Raymond

Who Shares the Guilt?

Hufft, a much-decorated Louisianan, said that at the time he led his battalion across the Rhine in World War II he gave orders to shoot anything that moved. "If Germany had won," he said, "I would have been on trial at Nuremberg instead of the krauts." In Anchorage, Alaska, Glen Roberts turned in to the local Army recruiter the Bronze Star he had won in Viet Nam.

Just before an impromptu demonstration at Fort Benning on the second of the three nights Calley spent in the stockade, the Rev. Michael Lord told a rally in the nearby Columbus Memorial Stadium: "There was a crucifixion 2,000 years ago of a man named Jesus Christ. I don't think we need another crucifixion of a man named Rusty Calley." The demonstration passed the stockade, and Calley said later: "The crowd out there really turned me on. I slept better last night."

None of the pro-Calley gestures topped in inanity a recent record on the Plantation label, *The Battle Hymn of Lieutenant Calley*, which reportedly sold 202,000 copies in the first three days after the verdict. After a voice-over about "a little boy who wanted to grow up and be a soldier and serve his country in whatever way he could," the song begins:

*My name is William Calley. I'm a
soldier of this land,
I've vowed to do my duty and to
gain the upper hand.
But they've made me out a villain,
they have stamped me with a brand,
As we go marching on...*

Michael Brower, first vice chairman of the Massachusetts Americans for Democratic Action, spoke for those who wanted the nation's leaders put in the dock along with Calley. "The guilt of My Lai runs up the chain of command into the White House," he said. "The Army is trying to sacrifice one or two low-level officers as token scapegoats." The most extraordinary demonstration against the verdict from the antiwar side was staged in Manhattan's Wall Street by the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. Smack in front of the New York Stock Exchange, a dozen veterans in fatigue jackets passed out leaflets next to a big white van showing a film of American atrocities in Viet Nam. John Kerry, a former gunboat skipper who won a Silver Star in Viet Nam and was wounded three times, read a prepared statement: "We are all of us in this country guilty for having allowed the war to go on. We only want this country to realize that it cannot try a Calley for something which generals and Presidents and our way of life encouraged him to do. And if you try him, then at the same time you must try all those generals and Presidents and soldiers who have part of the responsibility.

You must in fact try this country."

The Calley jurors—all up-from-the-ranks officers, all combat veterans, all but one of whom fought in Viet Nam—defended their unanimous verdict. Said Major Charles McIntosh: "It had to be done. Somebody had to do it. We were the six." Said Major Walter Kinnard: "We looked for anything that would prove Lieut. Calley innocent. We gave Lieut. Calley every benefit of doubt." Somberly Major Harvey Brown confessed: "I wanted to believe it didn't happen, that it was a hoax. I'll have to live with this verdict the rest of my life."

Nuremberg Standards

Thus far, Calley is the only man involved in the My Lai affair to be convicted by a court-martial. In all, 25 officers and enlisted men have been charged with various offenses in connection with the incident. Army Chief of Staff William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam at the time of My Lai, recently recommended administrative punishment—demotion by one grade—for Calley's division commander, Major General Samuel Koster, and his assistant, Brigadier General George Young Jr., for failing to report the incident. General Koster was also officially censured. Those relatively minor strictures against general officers, compared with the harsher treatment of a young platoon leader, made the Army vulnerable to the suggestion that it had singled Calley out to carry the can for My Lai. Two sergeants in Calley's company were court-martialed for assault with intent to commit murder and acquitted.

Only three men, all officers, still have charges pending against them. Colonel Oran Henderson, Calley's brigade commander, is accused of helping to cover up the massacre: pretrial hearings in the Henderson case began last week. Captain Eugene Kotouc, a member of Calley's task force, is charged with assault and maiming. Calley's immediate superior, Captain Ernest Medina, still faces charges of murder and assault: he denied under oath giving Calley and his men orders to "waste" the village of My Lai. Calling the Calley verdict "very harsh, very severe," Medina announced that if he is acquitted in his own court-martial, he will resign, because the My Lai incident—although not his own actions—disgraced the uniform. He added: "You can't apply the standards of World War I and World War II to the war in Southeast Asia. If you're going to try to convict an infantry lieutenant and an infantry captain, and you apply the same standards as Nuremberg, then we should take a hard look at the situation. The guilt will have to go all the way up."

Just how far up the guilt must go

MY LAI CHAIN OF COMMAND

Lyndon B. Johnson
Commander in Chief



Clark M. Clifford
Secretary of Defense



Joint Chiefs of Staff
Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, USA
Chairman



Adm. U.S. Grant Sharp
Commander in Chief,
Pacific Command



Gen. William C. Westmoreland
Commander MACV



Lt. Gen. Robert E. Cushman Jr.
Commanding Gen., III MAF



Maj. Gen. Samuel W. Koster
Commanding Gen., Americal Div



Col. Oran K. Henderson
Commander, 11th Inf. Brigade



Lt. Col. Frank A. Barker Jr.
Commander, Task Force Barker



Capt. Ernest L. Medina
Commander, Charlie Company



Lt. William L. Calley Jr.
Platoon Leader



TIME Chart by J. Danvers

—or just how widely across the nation—is indeed the central question raised by the Calley case. Along with it come a host of other questions, many of which may seem like ghastly, hairsplitting attempts to measure the unspeakable, to calibrate degrees of horror. Yet precisely such questions must be answered in any attempt to reach moral conclusions. Calley, for one, was notably ill-equipped to cope with these issues. At his trial he testified that he had never been instructed that he should refuse to obey an illegal order.

The Laws of War

Amid the furor over Calley's sentence, few Americans were clear about the "laws of war" under which he was convicted. Many found the phrase absurd. War, after all, sanctions acts that civilians label crimes—arson, murder, kidnapping. "The soldier who kills a man in obedience to authority is not guilty of murder," wrote Gratian, the 12th-century founder of canon law. Still, this immunity has to be regulated. All armies have at times stooped to atrocities: the

Germans (Lidice), the Japanese (Nanking), the French (Algeria), the British (India, Ireland in 1916), the Americans (against Indians and Filipinos), the North Vietnamese (Hué) and the Viet Cong (Dak Son). As C.P. Snow once remarked: "More hideous crimes have been committed in the name of obedience than have ever been committed in the name of rebellion."

For at least 800 years, men have tried to control war's excesses by transforming the rules of knightly chivalry into modern prohibitions against needless military cruelty. The laws of war, first codified by the U.S. Army in 1863, were used against Confederate Captain Henry Wirz, who was hanged in 1865 for letting nearly 14,000 Union prisoners die in Andersonville prison camp. In one of the early prosecutions of a U.S. officer, Brigadier General Jacob Hurd Smith was tried in 1902 for ordering a My Lai-style massacre during the Army's anti-guerrilla campaign in the Philippines—an era when troops sang "Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos, civilize them with a Krag."

The laws of war were strengthened by the multinational Hague and Geneva conventions (safeguarding prisoners and noncombatants), both of which are U.S. law by virtue of Senate ratification. The key theme is proportionality: armies may not go beyond strict military requirements. The purpose is practical as well as humane: indiscriminate killing demoralizes armies, turns civilians into guerrillas, and endangers soldiers captured by an incensed enemy. According to U.S. Army Field Manual 27-10 (*The Law of Land Warfare*), the law "requires that belligerents refrain from employing any kind or degree of violence which is not actually necessary for military purposes, and that they conduct hostilities with

regard for the principles of humanity and chivalry."

Thus "war crimes" are violations of specific—and fragile—taboos. Though a soldier may kill any enemy civilian who seeks to attack him, for example, he may not deliberately harm those who do not. The rules protect defeated enemy troops, the wounded, parachuting airmen and other helpless people. Forbidden weapons include dumdum bullets and poison. Forbidden targets include hospitals, churches, museums and coastal fishing boats unless used for military purposes. Torture, looting and political assassinations are banned. Reprisals are permitted against illegal enemy acts, but only on orders from top commanders and never against civilians, who may not be punished without trial before a court. Civilians may be removed from their homes for imperative military reasons, but they must be returned as soon as local combat ends. They may not be used to protect combatants, whether by placing them inside military objectives (a Viet Cong tactic) or by forcing them to precede troops across minefields, a practice that Calley admitted to without a qualm.

Moral Choice

With no international police or legislature, laws of war are mainly enforced by custom and the violators' own military courts. They have doubtless saved millions of lives. If observing them threatens to bring defeat, however, they are likely to be ignored. The big loophole is "military necessity." Though not a legal defense against specific prohibitions, says the Army manual, military necessity can justify any other acts deemed "indispensable for securing the complete submission of the enemy as soon as possible." In short, this authorizes the use of any tactics and weapons that the law has not caught up with—napalm, for example.

A lesser loophole involves "superior orders," a legal defense that 19th-century military disciplinarians strengthened by insisting that superiors were never wrong. Two world wars weakened it. The Nuremberg Trial of Nazi leaders after World War II revived an ancient tenet of Western thought: a higher law sometimes requires men to give their primary allegiance to humanity rather than the state. Though 22 Nazi leaders pleaded "state orders," 19 were convicted and ten of these were hanged. About 10,000 lesser defendants were tried for war crimes throughout the world between 1945 and 1950. Nuremberg was aimed at top policymakers, upon whom it imposed liability for two new offenses under international law. These were "crimes against peace," such as waging aggressive war, and "crimes against humanity," such as mass murder and similar malevolent policies on the Hitlerian scale.

To skeptics who criticized the ex post



YAMASHITA (IN DARK JACKET) RECEIVES DEATH SENTENCE

NAZI LEADERS GUARDED BY U.S. MILITARY POLICE AT NUREMBERG TRIAL



continued on page 18

TIME, APRIL 12, 1971

Rusty Calley: Unlikely Villain

Few newsmen have spent more time with Lieut. Calley than TIME Correspondent Peter Range, who in the long course of the trial often joined the lieutenant after court hours. Last week Range met with Calley before the verdict, and the two talked long into the night. His report:

RUSTY CALLEY stands convicted of wanton slaughter, but in his private life he is an unlikely villain. He is not a monster, not a callous warrior, not the tattooed caricature of the professional killer who does target practice on weekends and keeps a rifle mounted in the rear window of a pickup truck. In the evening, casually attired in blue jeans or bell-bottoms, he could be any young American.

Calley has no history of anything more violent than water-skiing. He still does not own a gun or even keep a fishing rod around the house. Gregarious and social—during the trial he never liked to be alone—he is a partygoer, a host; in restaurants he is always the one to stand up and welcome late-comers, making sure that the waiters notice their arrival. But it is at home, an apartment on Arrowhead Road in Fort Benning, that Calley most enjoys himself.

In the evenings he holds forth from his favorite spot behind the padded bar in the corner of the living room, or demonstrates his culinary talents in the cramped kitchen. Calley learned to cook in Viet Nam, where "I used to tell about six guys to give me their K rations and I'd fix us up a banquet if they'd dig my foxhole for me. I'd pull wild onions out of the ground and somebody would come along with a rabbit or a chicken, and I'd make us a feast over an open fire." One day recently, he concocted a tomato gravy flavored with every spice in the kitchen, poured it over toast and called it breakfast.

But the outgoingness, the high spirits, are not to be confused with braggadocio. The stigma of being called a war criminal, the 19 agonizing months of facing charges for premeditated murder, have taken their toll. When the Army first charged him, Calley went into a deep depression. "After about a month," he explains, "I just faced myself and asked, 'Do you want to quit living?' At worst, I knew I had one year left, and I decided I wanted to do something before I die. I decided I would look other people in the eye again."

Calley's thoughts are monopolized by the proceedings against him, his feelings of doubt, his guilt. There has been a regular evening television ritual in which he, his comely, red-haired steady girl friend, Anne Moore, and a few



CALLEY AT FORT BENNING APARTMENT BEFORE CONVICTION

close friends monitored the trial reports on all three networks. So voluminous has Calley's mail been that for seven months he has employed a secretary, Shirley Sewell, to answer it.

Though Calley has made no effort to travel incognito, sallies outside the confines of Fort Benning have been painful. "Sometimes, like in airports," he says, "I can feel everybody staring at me. I have stages of feeling very paranoid. The psychological testing showed I was paranoid, but hell, there are people trying to kill me."

Calley has also developed a mortal fear of accidental death, not for the usual reason but because the world might think he was a coward who took his own life. "If I got killed in my car on the way to Atlanta," he explains, "everyone would think Calley copped out. I had a room in Delmonico's Hotel in New York once with a floor-to-ceiling window. I was afraid to go to sleep at night because I thought I might sleep-walk through one of those 18th-floor windows and everybody would think Calley committed suicide."

Despite such stresses, Calley has demonstrated throughout a remarkable restraint, a still refusal to lapse into bitterness. He refuses to hate the Army or the country, or even the man trying to take away his life and freedom. At mid-trial, Calley said of the Army prosecutor, Captain Aubrey M. Daniel: "He's just doing his job." When Daniel ended the trial with a devastating, impassioned plea for conviction, Calley remarked afterward and with obvious sincerity: "I think he did a great job."

Rusty Calley did kill innocent civilians, though not perhaps out of any inherent murderous impulses. One psychologist who tested him described him as "a rather passive young man harboring a deep-seated sense of inadequacy, insecurity and inferiority." Surmised one of his examiners: "Undoubtedly his ability to carry out the orders [he claimed] he received in the briefing the night before [My Lai] would be interpreted by him not only as a measure of his competence as an officer but of

his basic efficacy as a mature male."

That Calley is remorseful is beyond question. At a New Year's Eve party in Atlanta, he proposed a heartfelt toast to "a lot more love and happiness in the world." He speaks of the horrors of war with more than the usual self-serving rhetoric. "I had been told what war is like," he says, "but I never knew until I got there. I was never taught the tragedy of war. After seeing war, you just sit down and cry."

Yet his curious, ill-defined idealism is also a strength, for he professes to believe that if the lesson of My Lai can be universally learned, he will, in part, be exonerated. "I'm sorry anybody had to die there," he says of My Lai. "Sorry I ever had to kill a soldier in Viet Nam. In My Lai, I made one of a thousand mistakes I made in Viet Nam. I was just as wrong going to Viet Nam as to My Lai. But I'll be very proud to have been in the U.S. Army and fought at My Lai if it shows the world just what war is." Theatrics? A beguiling appeal for sympathy? Perhaps. But possibly the words of a man who now sincerely hates suffering and killing.

Calley first heard the news of President Nixon's order releasing him from prison on television: as he left the stockade, one of the 50-odd cheering onlookers remarked: "Now at least he's not a prisoner of war in his own country." Removing Calley from the stockade had an enormous symbolic effect, but it will not change his life all that notably. To his dismay, all beer and liquor were removed from his apartment. He has a permanent MP guard in the apartment. He may leave his home only under escort, to eat at an Army mess hall and to exercise for one hour daily. He may talk on the telephone or see only those friends on a "correspondence and visitation list." All of which makes for a curious, almost pseudo confinement, one dictated not by the gravity of Calley's crimes as much as by the anticipation of public reaction to the price he must pay for them, a bounty of possibilities ranging from life imprisonment to executive pardon.



facto nature of those restrictions, Nuremberg mainly proved that losing a war had become a crime under international law. Few recalled that some Allied leaders had wanted no trials—just summary executions. Nuremberg also produced a new U.N.-approved rule of civilized behavior: "The fact that a person acted pursuant to order of his government or of a superior does not relieve him from responsibility under international law, provided a moral choice was in fact possible to him." The U.S. *Manual of Courts-Martial* is blunter: a soldier must disobey an order that "a man of ordinary sense and understanding would know to be illegal."

Legal Orders

Is it realistic to expect combat soldiers to make moral choices? Every recruit learns the Army's basic rule: instant obedience, a lifesaver in battle. Under military law, in fact, a man who refuses to follow an order is deemed guilty of that offense until he proves the order was illegal at his subsequent court-martial. The defense rarely succeeds. Disobedience in combat is even riskier: more than one soldier who has defied an order in battle has been executed on the spot, although this practice is not authorized by the military code.

Still, difficult though it may be, the servicemen do have a moral choice, as well as a legal duty, to question unlawful orders. Surely officers in particular are expected to understand and enforce the laws of war. Calley claimed that Captain Medina gave orders to kill all My Lai villagers, presumably including women and children. Medina flatly denied this. Whatever the facts, Calley's claim gets short shrift from Columbia Law Professor Telford Taylor, who served at Nuremberg as chief counsel to the prosecution, with the rank of brigadier general. Writing in this week's *LIFE*, Taylor comments: "Such an order would be so flagrantly in violation of the laws of war, to say nothing of com-

mon humanity, that Calley could hardly have taken it as seriously intended unless it was in keeping with his prior military experience. If it was in keeping, he might well have done as he did without any explicit instructions from Medina. If not, the order should have at least puzzled and disturbed him, which plainly was not the case." Colonel Robert Rheault, former commander of U.S. Special Forces in Viet Nam, makes a different point. "Calley is guilty of murder," says Rheault, himself a onetime (never tried) murder suspect in the famous 1969 Green Beret triple-agent case. As an expert on anti-guerrilla warfare in Viet Nam, Rheault told *TIME* last week: "Nobody ever had a policy of mowing down women and children. Our policy was to protect women and children as much as possible."

Still, the colonel concedes that "perhaps the policy wasn't strong enough." Therein lies the problem: in Viet Nam, a man of "ordinary sense" may often be unclear whether his orders are legal or illegal. To be sure, every G.I. arriving in the country receives a wallet card listing forbidden war crimes and related acts, including torture, looting and mutilation. At the time of My Lai, those orders insisted: "All persons in your hands, whether suspects, civilians or combat captives, must be protected against violence, insults, curiosity and reprisals of any kind."

Despite the rules, distinctions between lawful conduct and atrocities tend to blur in a no-front war against guerrillas who look exactly like civilians—and are sometimes women or even children armed with hand grenades. The tension of being feared and hated in a remote, racially different Asian country has pushed many Americans toward a tribalistic logic—all "gooks" are enemies and therefore killable. To Calley, for example, the civilians who were massacred were not real people. A psychiatric report, never seen by anyone but the judge and the defense during the trial, described his state of mind: "He did not

feel as if he were killing humans, but rather that they were animals with whom one could not speak or reason."

Though no other My Lai-scale massacre has yet been revealed, Americans have committed a disturbing number of atrocities in Viet Nam. Many offenders have been strictly prosecuted. In I Corps in 1968, for example, seven Marines summarily hanged a Viet Cong suspect and shot two others to death. At a court-martial, one defense lawyer argued that his client had gone through "hell" after seeing Marine bodies "burned and tortured, some with their testicles cut off." Nonetheless all seven Marines were convicted and imprisoned, one for life.

The Army has never suggested that the enemy's atrocities justify those by Americans. In practice, though, military courts sometimes follow the unofficial "mere gook" rule, which devalues Vietnamese lives. One Army captain was accused of murder after ordering a trooper to shoot a captured Viet Cong. The court was told that he had commanded: "I don't care about prisoners. I want a body count. I want that man shot." Nevertheless the captain was acquitted.

In a widely discussed case last spring, Army Lieut. James Duffy was tried for ordering his sergeant to kill an ARVN deserter and record him as a Viet Cong suspect. Justifying his action, Duffy explained: "I know in my case, platoon leaders never got any guidance on treatment of prisoners. The only thing we ever heard was to get more body count, kill more V.C. If you didn't have a lot of body counts, they would think you were a poor unit." The military jurors convicted Duffy of premeditated murder—then were dismayed to find that he faced a mandatory sentence of life imprisonment. As a result, the jury swiftly reduced the charge to involuntary manslaughter. Sentence: six months' imprisonment.

A Strategy of Refugees

Many returned veterans have described unpunished—and allegedly routine—war crimes in Viet Nam: amputating ears for trophies, electrical torture during interrogation, pushing prisoners out of airborne helicopters. The usual explanation claims a kind of collective irresponsibility, the moral confusion of anti-guerrilla warfare. Who is responsible?

To avoid national mobilization and save lives—U.S. lives—the Johnson Administration chose a fateful Army strategy in Viet Nam. Instead of massive infantry occupation with painstaking efforts to befriend the Vietnamese, the strategy called for physical removal of the rural population from the countryside, the guerrillas' "fish-in-water" base. People were warned by leaflets or loudspeakers to leave; all those remaining were presumed to be enemies and subject to attack in "free-fire" zones. Air raids, artillery shelling and chemical crop destruction ensued. There followed

search-and-destroy infantry sweeps, including gunship bombing and "Zippo" burning of villages from which troops had received sniper fire.

As a result, 5,000,000 people—nearly a third of South Viet Nam's population—have become refugees. Many, slow to leave ancestral homes, have become victims of U.S. firepower and received grimly inadequate treatment in provincial hospitals and refugee centers. The Senate Subcommittee on Refugees estimates 1,000,000 civilian casualties, including 300,000 deaths.

Do any of these tactics violate international law? The 1949 Geneva Convention says: "Individual and mass forcible transfers are prohibited regardless of their motive." The same document also states that "persons taking no active part in the hostilities shall in all circumstances be treated humanely." Among specific prohibitions: "collective penalties," such as burning villages that may harbor guerrillas. Moreover, the 1907 Hague Convention prohibits "the attack or bombardment, by whatever means, of towns, villages, dwellings or buildings which are undefended." Thus a B-52 bomber raid that strikes defenseless, invisible people below is no more lawful than Calley's gunning down of villagers standing in front of him. But if the planned target is militarily defended, the legal situation is different.

Yamashita v. Westmoreland

No Axis leader tried after World War II was convicted of crimes involving the unrestricted bombing of defended civilian populations. The Allies had done the same thing in order to destroy enemy industrial centers. Today the U.S. may be hard put to justify the fire-bombing of Dresden or the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, all of which seem less necessary in retrospect than they did at the time. But so far, bombing a defended city is not a specific war crime. Given the goal of saving U.S. troops' lives (the rationale for Hiroshima), it can still be called a military necessity. In North Viet Nam, moreover, U.S. bombing was a model of purposeful restraint because President Johnson imposed strict restrictions and almost personally ran the operations.



THE ENEMY IN YOUR HANDS

AS A MEMBER OF THE U.S. MILITARY FORCES, YOU WILL COMPLY WITH THE GENEVA PRISONER OF WAR CONVENTIONS OF 1949 TO WHICH YOUR COUNTRY ADHERES UNDER THESE CONVENTIONS

YOU CAN AND WILL

DISARM YOUR PRISONER IMMEDIATELY. SEARCH HIM THOROUGHLY. REQUIRE HIM TO BE SILENT. SECURE HIM FROM OTHER PRISONERS. GUARD HIM CAREFULLY. TAKE HIM TO THE PLACE DESIGNATED BY YOUR COMMANDER.

YOU CANNOT AND MUST NOT

MISTREAT YOUR PRISONER. HUMILIATE OR DEGRADE HIM. TAKE ANY OF HIS PERSONAL EFFECTS WHICH DO NOT HAVE SIGNIFICANT MILITARY VALUE. REFUSE HIM MEDICAL TREATMENT IF REQUIRED AND AVAILABLE.

ALWAYS TREAT YOUR PRISONER HUMANELY

G.I. GUIDE ON PRISONER TREATMENT

Certain acts are clearly forbidden.

On balance, while most people who charge the U.S. with "war crimes" use the term loosely, U.S. practices in South Viet Nam are suspect. Moreover, there are troubling legal precedents set by the Tokyo trial of Japanese leaders after World War II. One defendant was Kuki Hirota, Foreign Minister during Japan's 1937 "rape" of Nanking. Though Hirota had protested the atrocities, the Tokyo tribunal found him guilty of not "insisting before the Cabinet" that they be halted immediately. Hirota received a death sentence and was executed. Where does this leave U.S. Cabinet officers?

A U.S. military tribunal in Manila did something even more questionable in the case of General Tomoyuki Yamashita, commander of Japanese forces in the Philippines near the war's end. Yamashita was found guilty of failing to stop his army from committing various atrocities, including the killing of 25,000 unarmed civilians. In fact, he had been holed up in northern Luzon, unable to

control or even communicate with most of his men. Even so, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld his conviction on the dubious assumption that he had had power to stop the atrocities and therefore, as commander, he had been responsible for his army's conduct. In sharp dissent, Justice Frank Murphy wrote: "The fate of some future President of the United States and his chiefs of staff and military advisers may well have been sealed by this decision."

My Lai's Basic Issue

Yamashita was executed—perhaps for the sake of a good principle (command responsibility) but surely with scant regard for the evidence. Is his fate, as many now suggest, a precedent for prosecuting American generals—say, William C. Westmoreland, U.S. commander in Viet Nam at the time of My Lai? Clearly, the Yamashita decision is part of U.S. law until the Supreme Court or Congress amends it. Unlike Yamashita, moreover, Westmoreland had superb communications with his troops. But even if he is prosecuted for My Lai, which seems totally unlikely, a modern court-martial would unquestionably require detailed proof that Westmoreland had had actual knowledge or reason to know that Calley-style acts were likely to occur, and that he had failed to take reasonable steps to ensure compliance with the laws of war. "I feel no guilt," said Westmoreland last week. "My orders were that all atrocities would be reported and investigated according to the rules of the Geneva Convention, and it is our obligation to follow through and punish those atrocities."

The conduct of the whole war, of course, is a basic issue of My Lai, but the judicial process can scarcely cope with it. To be sure, further responsibility for the My Lai disaster should be established by trials of some of Calley's

PROTESTER AT FORT BENNING SHOUTING "YOU CRUCIFIED HIM!"



YOUNG DEMONSTRATOR IN OKLAHOMA CITY
Tragic blunder.

superiors. The big picture, though, may never be illuminated by a court. Military courts, for example, may not try men who have left the service or even compel their testimony to much avail. Also, it is impractical to ask a military jury of career officers to judge command practices in Viet Nam when their verdict could affect their chances of promotion and the morale of the whole Army. Calley's jurors dealt solely with his case; that was a tough enough task.

It is equally impractical—absurd, in fact—to envision some other kind of U.S. court staging a neo-Nuremberg war-crimes trial with Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk or Lyndon Johnson in the dock. It is one thing to say that such civilian leaders bear major responsibility for the war and the course it took, but quite another to expect legal judgment on such issues. Beyond that, clearly, none of those men are open to Nuremberg charges of "crimes against peace" and "crimes against humanity." All sought quite the opposite ends in Viet Nam, and intent is crucial in law. All believed that the U.S. was repelling an aggressor, upholding the Nuremberg principles and fighting a "just war"—the kind defined by St. Thomas Aquinas as aimed at "a good to be affected or an evil to be avoided." All sincerely believed that their policies would save lives and shorten the war. They turned out to have chosen the wrong means. That was not a crime that any court can remedy; it was a tragic blunder.

For the American military, there is no easy exit from either the specific problems created by My Lai or the broader debate over how the war in Indochina has been conducted. The Calley verdict could create serious practical problems of command discipline. Already at Khe Sanh, there is a defiant sign: "A" TROOP, 1ST OF THE 1ST CAV, SALUTES LT. WILLIAM CALLEY. Many of the enlisted infantrymen in Viet Nam agree. Says one, a member of Calley's old Americal Division: "The people back in the world don't understand this war. We were sent here to kill dinks. How can they convict Calley for killing dinks? That's our job."

On a more elevated level, James M. Gavin, a retired lieutenant general who was a distinguished paratroop commander in World War II, warns that "junior officers are bound to feel that they're carrying the terrible burden of the war, that the buck stops with them." The point has been distorted. A London *Daily Express* cartoon showed an Asian Communist horde charging a lone G.I., who turns to his civilian lawyer and asks: "Is it legally O.K. to shoot?" In Viet Nam, a common G.I. graffiti reads: "Before you shoot you must 1) check Charlie's ID card, 2) pull down his

pants to make sure he's an adult male, 3) be sure to have ten witnesses to testify at your court-martial."

Many officers in Viet Nam think that the Calley case need not damage the military. They recall the fact that even during extreme stress a good commander can keep his men pretty well under control. First Lieut. Edward Tobin Jr., a West Point graduate, stresses the much-ignored fact that other officers driven to the edge of endurance did not turn into Calleys. "My platoon has been in similarly dramatic situations and I didn't have any trouble holding them in restraint." First Lieut. Ralph Driggers is not quite so sure. "In the field, it seems like it's them or you," he says. "My people are more inclined to shoot first and ask questions later. It's my job to stop them, but things have happened a lot

of New York, Calley's conviction is "one of the most courageous acts" in the life of the nation. Says Herz: "The case represents one of the few times in modern history that a government has seriously attempted to deal with its own national crimes." France's *Le Figaro* concurred: "To carry out this trial publicly and in time of war does honor to the American nation. One has not yet heard of a trial of Viet Cong who filled the wells and craters of Hue with the corpses of men, women and children."

To Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles, the Calley trial "may be the first time in history that a great, powerful nation has gone through this kind of self-criticism and befuddlement and introspection and turned upon itself in a way. It is remarkable that this can happen in this country in the middle of a war. I really don't feel

that many democracies of the West are capable of this kind of self-criticism."

Such self-criticism is excruciating. Roy McDonald, a young Atlanta businessman, observes: "Our boys in Viet Nam have spoiled for me the feeling I've always had that Americans are nicer than other people—the good guys, who are in the right and win wars." Ironically, Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger, German-born and a refugee from Nazism, pointed to this national failing in his 1960 *The Necessity for Choice*: "Nothing is more difficult for Americans to understand than the possibility of tragedy."

The tragic reality of My Lai and what it stands for is being avoided in two ways. One is by concluding that the fault is universal and therefore requires a universal bath of guilt, comforting in its generality. The other is by pretending that what happened was necessary and even commendable. The first view insists on the original sin of American Viet Nam policy and holds that Presidents should go to jail. Apart from having obvious legal flaws, the "we-are-all-guilty" position presents a moral trap: if everyone is guilty, no one is guilty or responsible, and the very meaning of morality disintegrates.

The other view, that Calley only did his duty, is equally untenable. It is one thing to sympathize with him or to hold that others are culpable as well; it is quite another to deny the difference between killing an armed guerrilla and mowing down old men, women and children. Even amid horror, distinctions must be made—that is the essence of law, morals and therefore survival. Not to make them is a form of moral blindness. That blindness and the attendant glorification of Lieut. Calley may well be the ultimate degradation of the U.S. by the Viet Nam War.

Major Brown, the pensive juror, believes that if the verdict is "tearing this



G.I.s DISCUSS VERDICT AT LONG BINH
More careful now about what they shoot.

of times." Says Tom Schmitz, a lieutenant in the Americal Division: "Calley deserved it. I am a soldier and I was sent here to fight Communist soldiers, not kill women and children. I have felt the pressure of the My Lai incident since I got here, but I don't feel restricted, and I certainly don't feel it has endangered any of my men." At Long Binh last week, SP-4 Jimmy White, 20, of Columbia, Tenn., just back from a month in combat, told TIME: "Since word about Calley got out, everybody's been watching a lot closer what he shoots. That's one good thing about the incident. Everybody's definitely more careful now."

That the court-martial took place at all earns some credit for the Army (and the U.S.), though once news of the massacre was out, legal action would have been difficult to avoid. To John Herz, professor of political science and international law at the City University

country apart, it is good because maybe it will make [Americans] look within themselves to find out what's wrong. I don't think it will hurt the U.S." Maybe not. Yet the crisis of conscience caused by the Calley affair is a graver phenomenon than the horror following the assassination of President Kennedy. Historically, it is far more crucial. Within its limits, the Warren Commission

served to mute much of the national agitation that ensued after Kennedy's death. Nixon has ruled out a Warren-style review of the Calley case itself, but there are suggestions inside the Administration and out that a comparably nonpartisan commission explore the whole question of American conduct of the Viet Nam War. Some Americans are skeptical; Harvard Sociologist Sey-

mour Martin Lipset thinks that it would not reduce national tensions simply because "there are no neutral people left in the country." Still, Americans must find some means of confronting what they have done to themselves in Viet Nam and what they will continue to do to themselves until U.S. involvement in Indochina finally, irrevocably and mercifully comes to an end.

AMERICAN SCENE

Sixteen months ago, a small band of Indians occupied the abandoned prison island of Alcatraz in the middle of San Francisco Bay. The act was meant to focus attention on the central tragedy of Indian history, the usurpation of their lands, and for a time it did just that. Then public attention began to dwindle—and so did the number of Indian squatters. TIME Correspondent William Marmon visited the remnant. His report:

FOR the 25 to 30 Indians who maintain the occupation of Alcatraz, life is almost as grim as that endured by the island's previous inmates. Many claim to enjoy the occupation, but they are admittedly deprived of even the minimal prisoner privileges: free food, fresh water, heat and light. Ten months ago, the Government cut off electricity and stopped running the island's water-supply barge. During one three-week period last fall the inhabitants lived exclusively on canned beans and water rationed at survival level. A boat was donated to the Indians by Creedence Clearwater Revival, a rock group, but it nearly sank three months ago and was only recently returned from repairs in drydock.

While it was laid up, the Indians caddled rides with sympathetic yachtsmen and rented boats with the meager funds donated to them. They have been able to transport a fairly steady supply of fresh water, which is hauled laboriously up the steep, rocky slopes in five-gallon cans. A generator has been installed but, ill-maintained, it breaks down regularly.

The conditions uncomfortably suggest a typical Indian reservation—isolated, neglected and barren. On cold, windy bay nights the only source of heat is wood planking stripped from the few island structures that have not been destroyed by accidental fires. Most of the toilet plumbing, utilizing sea water, is rusted or jammed and sanitation standards are perilously low. The volunteer nurse has left the island, and the only school has been shut (nearly half of the inhabitants are children under the age of twelve). The island's single truck has broken down.

A graver problem is the pervading sense of anomie, a social disintegration that has created a breach with mainland supporters, including other Indian

Anomie at Alcatraz

groups. The invasion euphoria was inevitably dissipated by the exigencies of day-to-day survival. Then tragedy happened a few months after the occupation when the eight-year-old daughter of the group's chief spokesman, Richard Oakes, fell to her death down a three-story stairwell. Already under suspicion because of his handling of donations, Oakes left the island.

The invasion force became a thoroughly disorganized society. Perhaps even more debilitating was the threat, real or imagined, of a Government bust.

catraz. They have been replaced by homeless, apolitical young Indians more concerned with finding a pad where they can "get their heads together" than in sustaining any kind of significant political statement. Says Dennis Hastings, a former member of the island's seven-man council: "The important thing about Alcatraz is spiritual rebirth. We're here to let our minds heal. Here we can escape from the limbo culture that we have lived in for too long. We just want to be left alone."

Long-dormant negotiations with the Government will likely resume. They probably will not get far since the Indians demand nothing less than full title to the island: Government spokesmen claim that it would be legally diffi-



INDIANS AROUND FIRE AT ALCATRAZ

A sort of Castroesque paranoia set in: the "Alcatraz Security Force," complete with special jackets and a "training" room off limits to outsiders, for a time was rude and overweening even to sympathizers sincerely trying to help. Though supposedly prohibited, drugs and alcohol became staples of island life. Petty jealousies simmered and bloody brawls exploded. One Indian artist tried to set up a studio only to be burned out by several of his estranged comrades.

Such infighting has caused most of the original invasion leaders to leave Al-

catraz. It is difficult to turn the island over to the Indians.

Meanwhile, mainland Indian groups, whom the islanders tend to brand as "brainwashed" by whites, hope to win a 99-year lease from the Government. They are somewhat at a loss as to how to deal with their recalcitrant brothers. The occupants' militant stance is defiantly summed up by Hastings: "The white snakes have eaten everything from the earth. We will never give Alcatraz back to them. And if they try to force us, we will fight to the death to keep our land."



LEONID BREZHNEV ADDRESSING 24TH PARTY CONGRESS WITH MEMBERS OF POLITBURO AND OTHER RANKING OFFICIALS ON DAIS

Soviet Union: Something for Everyone

IN Moscow last week, a spotless, modernistic fish market opened on Komosomolsky Prospekt, enabling the average Soviet citizen to buy fresh caviar for the first time in recent years. Across from Moscow's city hall, an Italian-built, self-service supermarket went into operation, offering Bulgarian chickens, Spanish oranges, Moroccan sardines. Established shops blossomed with chinaware, meat grinders, bath towels and other goods that have long been scarce.

Muscovites loaded up while they could; they well knew the reason for the sudden abundance. It was obviously timed to impress Russian and foreign representatives in town for the long-delayed 24th Communist Party Congress. If the 20th Party Congress in 1956 was recorded as the Congress of De-Stalinization, the 24th may well become the Congress of the Consumer.

Main Event. Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny got the proceedings going by welcoming the 4,949 delegates and 101 foreign deputations to the handsome Palace of Congresses within the Kremlin's high walls. Then came the main event: for more than six hours, Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev held the rostrum, and was interrupted by dutiful applause no fewer than 169 times. (Podgorny earned a round of "prolonged applause," too, when he declared a lunch break.)

At times, Brezhnev sounded like an American campaigner, offering something to everyone. As if in response to the consumer revolts that shook Poland last December, he promised every family a television set and refrigerator by the end of the new five-year plan in 1975. He decreed 5% wage increases

for some 90 million salaried workers, premium pay for night work and a hike in pensions. He also introduced a family-assistance plan that will provide government subsidies for families whose monthly per capita income is less than 50 rubles (\$55). Carefully avoiding words like poverty, he described such families as "underprovisioned." In all, the family program is likely to affect some 34 million Russians.

Despite the existence of so many underprovisioned Russians, there are also millions with money to spend and little to spend it on; savings deposits have increased from \$20 billion five years ago to \$50 billion today. Brezhnev stressed the importance of improving the productivity of Soviet workers to turn out the consumer goods* that are needed to soak up some of those idle rubles.

In the domestic arena, Brezhnev pointedly praised the KGB (secret police) and called for greater vigilance against "bourgeois influences." He derided intellectuals who distort Soviet reality. All they deserve, he said, is "general scorn." Without naming names, Brezhnev upbraided Nobel Prize-winning Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn for dwell-

ing on "problems that have been irreversibly relegated to the past." Then, in an evenhanded manner, Brezhnev rapped ultraconservative Soviet writers who "attempt to whitewash the past" by praising Joseph Stalin.

Among his other points:

WARSAW PACT. Because the 24th Congress was the first since the 1968 Czechoslovak invasion, Brezhnev felt compelled to justify Soviet actions in quashing Prague's Springtime of Freedom. He insisted that the Czechoslovaks had called upon their Communist neighbors to help repulse imperialists and counter-revolutionaries. Should a similar situation arise elsewhere within the pact, he added, Soviet intervention would once more ensue. Later Czechoslovak Party Boss Gustav Husák slavishly thanked the Soviets for invading his country.

WEST EUROPE. Brezhnev reiterated the Soviet desire for a relaxation of tensions on the Continent—on Moscow's terms. He praised the cordial state of Franco-Soviet relations. But he warned that West Germany's failure so far to ratify the Bonn-Moscow renunciation-of-force treaty "would produce a fresh crisis of confidence over the Federal Republic's policies and would worsen the political climate in Europe."

THE U.S. Brezhnev complained that it has become more difficult to negotiate with the U.S. because of "the frequent zigzags in American foreign policy." Nonetheless, he declared that "we proceed from the viewpoint that it is possible to improve relations between the U.S. and U.S.S.R." The Soviet leader expressed the hope that the Strategic

* An interesting experiment in increasing efficiency and diligence is cited by Harvard Sovietologist Marshall Goldman in a forthcoming study for the *Harvard Business Review*: when a factory asked permission to increase its work force, Moscow told it to fire 1,000 people instead and to raise the salaries of those who remained. Productivity soon picked up, not so much because of the salary increases but because nobody else wanted to be sacked; getting another job might have meant moving to another town. According to Goldman, the experiment has spread to some 100 factories.

Arms Limitation Talks now under way in Vienna would succeed. His reasoning was economic; a halt in the missile race would "release considerable resources for constructive purposes."

CHINA. Soviet forbearance, claimed Brezhnev, has brought about a distinct improvement in Sino-Soviet relations. Trade has begun to increase between the two countries, and he expects a continued rise in the future. But subsequent Soviet speakers lambasted the Chinese—one described their brand of Communism as "repulsive"—creating a stir of disapproval among the North Korean, North Vietnamese, Japanese and Rumanian delegations.

MIDDLE EAST. Brezhnev reaffirmed Soviet backing for the Arabs and warned that Israel's 1967 victory may prove illusory. He urged the Israelis to accept a political settlement and said that Moscow was willing to join Britain, France and the U.S. in providing international guarantees to both Arabs and Israelis. It was not clear whether that meant the Soviet Union was willing to join the U.S. in the Middle East peace-keeping force suggested by Secretary of State William Rogers, though Moscow has hinted in the past that it might participate.

DISARMAMENT. Brezhnev dusted off several old Soviet propaganda ploys. There was some hope in the West, however, that his plea for a reduction of forces in Central Europe might lead to talks between NATO and the Warsaw Pact on mutual balanced force withdrawals. He also suggested a conference of the five nuclear powers (Britain, China, France, U.S. and U.S.S.R.) to discuss the total abolition of atomic weaponry—although both France and China sent regrets last time such a meeting was proposed in 1968.

On the same day that Brezhnev delivered his speech, the Soviet chief delegate to the 25-nation U.N. disarmament talks in Geneva unexpectedly adopted a hitherto rejected Western position on the outlawing of bacteriological warfare. For two years the Soviets insisted on lumping bans on bacteriological and chemical warfare together in one treaty. The U.S. and its NATO allies refused, because large chemical warfare arsenals are already in existence, which would require on-site inspection, a procedure that invariably is vetoed by the Soviets. The Soviet switch meant that a treaty barring the production and wartime use of germs and toxins might be ready for signing before year's end.

Kremlinologists in Munich described Brezhnev's speech as "relatively mild." In Washington, judgments ranged from "prudent militancy" to "controlled hostility." Most analysts agreed that what Brezhnev said reaffirmed his position as *primus inter pares* in what is still essentially a collective leadership.

Further clues to his position should become available this week when the congress "elects" a new Central Committee, which, in turn, will choose a

new Politburo. The choices, of course, have already been made by the party leaders. The general assumption has been that few major shifts will take place. But Brezhnev dropped an intriguing hint in his speech that something dramatic and far reaching may be afoot. He noted that the Communist Party now has 14,455,321 card-carrying members—6% of the Soviet population—and that far too many of them, on all levels, are merely exploiting their positions. Accordingly, he said that for the first time in 17 years, there might be a "card exchange," the euphemism for weeding out the party membership. "You know, comrades," said Brezhnev, "none of us is entrusted with positions of authority in perpetuity."



WEST PAKISTAN TANK IN DACCА



BENGALIS AMID RUINS OF HOMES IN CAPITAL

Pakistan: Round 1 To the West

THERE is no doubt," said a foreign diplomat in East Pakistan last week, "that the word massacre applies to the situation." Said another Western official: "It's a veritable bloodbath. The troops have been utterly merciless."

As Round 1 of Pakistan's bitter civil war ended last week, the winner—predictably—was the tough West Pakistan army, which has a powerful force of 80,000 Punjabi and Pathan soldiers on duty in rebellious East Pakistan. Reports coming out of the East (via diplomats, frightened refugees and clandestine broadcasts) varied wildly. Estimates of the total dead ran as high as 300,000. A figure of 10,000 to 15,000 is accepted by several Western governments, but no one can be sure of anything except that untold thousands perished.

Mass Graves. Opposed only by hands of Bengali peasants armed with stones and bamboo sticks, tanks rolled through Dacca, the East's capital, blowing houses to bits. At the university, soldiers slaughtered students inside the British Council building. "It was like Genghis Khan," said a shocked Western official who witnessed the scene. Near Dacca's marketplace, Urdu-speaking government soldiers ordered Bengali-speaking townspeople to surrender; then gunned them down when they failed to comply. Bodies lay in mass graves at the university, in the Old City, and near the municipal dump.

During rebel attacks on Chittagong, Pakistani naval vessels shelled the port, setting fire to harbor installations. At Jessore, in the southwest, angry Bengalis were said to have hacked alleged government spies to death with staves and spears. Journalists at the Petrapole checkpoint on the Indian border found five bodies and a human head near the frontier post—the remains, apparently, of a group of West Pakistanis who had tried to escape. At week's end there were reports that East Bengali rebels

were maintaining a precarious hold on Jessore and perhaps Chittagong. But in Dacca and most other cities, the rebels had been routed.

The army's quick victory, however, did not mean that the 58 million West Pakistanis could go on dominating the 78 million Bengalis of East Pakistan indefinitely. The second round may well be a different story. It could be fought out in paddies and jungles and along river banks for months or even years.

Completing the Rupture. The civil war erupted as a result of a victory that was too sweeping, a mandate that was too strong. Four months ago, Pakistan's President, Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, held elections for a constituent assembly to end twelve years of martial law. Though he is a Pathan from the West, Yahya was determined to be fair to the Bengalis. He assigned a majority of the assembly seats to Pakistan's more populous eastern wing, which has been separated from the West by 1,000 miles of India since the partitioning of the subcontinent in 1947.

To everyone's astonishment, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and his Awami League won 167 of the 169 seats assigned to the Bengalis, a clear majority in the 313-seat assembly. "I do not want to break Pakistan," Mujib told TIME shortly before the final rupture two weeks ago. "But we Bengalis must have autonomy so that we are not treated like a colony of the western wing." Yahya resisted Mujib's demands for regional autonomy and a withdrawal of troops. Mujib responded by insisting on an immediate end to martial law. Soon the break was complete. Reportedly seized in his Dacca residence at the outset of fighting and flown to West Pakistan, Mujib will probably be tried for treason.

All Normal. West Pakistanis have been told little about the fighting. ALL NORMAL IN EAST was a typical newspaper headline in Karachi last week. Still, they seemed solidly behind Yahya's tough stand. "We can't have our flag defiled, our soldiers spat at, our nationality brought into disrepute," said Pakistan Government Information Chief Khalid Ali. "Mujib in the end had no love of Pakistan."

Aware that many foreigners were sympathetic to the Bengalis, Yahya permitted the official news agency to indulge in an orgy of paranoia. "Western press reports prove that a deep conspiracy has been hatched by the Indo-Israeli axis against the integrity of Pakistan and the Islamic basis of her ideology," said the agency.

The Indian government did in fact contribute to the Pakistanis' anxiety. Although New Delhi denied that India was supplying arms to the Bengali rebels, the Indian Parliament passed a unanimous resolution denouncing the "carnage" in East Pakistan. India's enthusiasm is hardly surprising, in view of its longstanding feud with the West Pakistanis and the brief but bloody war of 1965 over Kashmir. But Western gov-

ernments urged New Delhi to restrain itself so as not to provoke West Pakistan into making an impulsive response.

Hit and Run. For the time being, West Pakistan's army can probably maintain its hold on Dacca and the other cities of the East. But it can hardly hope to control 55,000 sq. mi. of countryside and a hostile population indefinitely. The kind of Bengali terrorism that forced the British raj to move the capital from Calcutta to Delhi in 1911 may well manifest itself again in a grow-

ing war of hit-and-run sabotage and arson. In modern times, the East Bengalis have been best known to foreigners as mild-mannered peasants, clerks and shopkeepers, perhaps the least martial people on the subcontinent. But in their support of an independent Bangladesh (Bengal State), they have displayed a fighting spirit that could spell lasting turmoil for those who want Pakistan to remain united. As Mujib often asked his followers rhetorically: "Can bullets suppress 78 million people?"



THIEU AT DONG HA GREETING ARVN TROOPS BACK FROM LAOS

The War: Edge of an Abyss

NO, no, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu emphatically insisted. The Laotian invasion, Lam Son 719, had not ended in "defeat, disorder, disaster." Sitting on some ammunition boxes among the pine trees of the cemetery at Dong Ha, an ARVN base seven miles south of the Demilitarized Zone, Thieu told newsmen and South Vietnamese troops that Laos was, in fact, "the biggest victory ever."

Even as Thieu spoke, 45 American helicopters were flapping into Laos for what he called a "new-type operation": a quick raid by ARVN Hae Bao (Black Panther) commandos about five miles across the border into the Communist depot known as Base Area 611. During their 24 hours on the ground, the Panthers killed just one North Vietnamese and found little in the way of enemy supplies. Their main mission seemed to be to let Hanoi know that its Laotian supply lines would never again be safe and to support Thieu's claim that Lam Son was "still going on."

Despite Thieu's optimism, it was increasingly clear that the allies had suf-

fered serious losses during the 45-day operation. U.S. intelligence men in Saigon privately confirmed recent reports that the 22,000 ARVN troops committed to Lam Son had suffered close to 50% casualties. Hanoi's forces had been hit hard, too, in terms of supplies that never made it down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, as well as casualties. The official, and probably inflated, Saigon estimate stands at 13,863 dead. White House officials maintain that the North Vietnamese are "at the edge of an abyss." To many of Asia's non-Communist capitals, however, it looks as if they are at the edge only because they just pushed somebody else over. Lam Son, concluded Singapore's tough Premier Lee Kuan Yew, "was asking more than the South Vietnamese army was ready to give or able to give." *Berita Yudha*, Indonesia's army-controlled newspaper, decided that the whole exercise merely "gave an opportunity for North Viet Nam to demonstrate its victory in battle."

The North Vietnamese went all out last week to make that impression



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stick. In a series of chest-beating radio broadcasts, Hanoi urged the Communist forces in South Viet Nam to "take advantage of our victory in Laos" by mounting "any action, large or small." Mortar, artillery and rocket fire continued to pepper Khe Sanh. Vandergriff and other bases near the DMZ, while bloody ground assaults disturbed the long peace in some supposedly "secure" areas. Deep in the somnolent Mekong Delta, nearly 150 Viet Cong ripped into the hamlet of Cang Long, killing 16 children, five women, six national policemen and the hamlet chief. Farther north, in the Central Highlands, the sea-

soned North Vietnamese 28th Regiment temporarily overran Fire Base Six, capturing four U.S. advisers and killing or wounding some 200 ARVN troops.

The Worst Attack. In still more brutal assaults, the enemy battered two other locations in the long-troublesome highlands. The first target, an Americal Division outpost named Mary Ann, became the scene of the most destructive attack of the war on a single American position (see box). Two days later, elements of a North Vietnamese regiment hammered a hamlet near the Duc Duc district headquarters 25 miles southwest of Danang. After attacking the head-

quarters compound, about 150 sappers slipped away and withdrew into a nearby cluster of shacks. When Duc Duc's Popular Force defenders followed the Communists into the hamlet, enemy mortars outside opened up—and the holocaust began. Fires raged through as many as 400 of the hamlet's 600 homes, suffocating many of the Vietnamese men, women and children who had taken shelter in their bunkers. All told, 100 civilians were killed, 150 wounded and 1,800 left homeless; 91 Popular Force troops were killed or wounded. The hamlet, said an American pilot, looked like "a big ashtray."

The Massacre at Fire Base Mary Ann

Situated way up in the green, thickly jungled highlands 30 miles west of Chu Lai, Fire Base Mary Ann had long been a secure oasis for its defenders, the 1st Battalion of the Americal Division's 46th Regiment. Last week, after the base was ravaged by a handful of enemy sappers, TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Jonathan Larsen visited the blackened bunkers and cabled this account of the savage night:

CHARLIE COMPANY, back from patrol, was ready to relax. The men filed out of the mess hall and into their bunkers, stripped to their shorts and flopped down on their cots. Some thumbed through comic books, some talked, and some, according to various reports, smoked a few joints. The guards were somewhat more alert—but not much. As the night wore on, some apparently nodded off over their M-16s.

In the 13 months since Mary Ann had been bulldozed out of a 4,000-ft. mountaintop, it had taken very few mortars and had never even been probed on the ground. On the night of the attack, SP-4 Dennis Schulte recalled, "It was quiet, as always. I had seen nothing and expected nothing. I went over to the TOC [Tactical Operations Center] and talked with some friends until about 2:30 a.m. We talked about going home—as usual."

Ten minutes later, after Schulte had drifted back to his bunker, the base exploded. Hundreds of mortar shells arced down out of the moonless sky with uncanny accuracy. Hunkered down in their bunkers, the G.I.s never even saw the 50 or so North Vietnamese sappers who slipped through the perimeter wire, wearing nothing but shorts, black grease and strings of rocket-propelled grenades (RPGs). One group wiped out the 155-mm. howitzers, another tossed tear gas grenades and satchel charges into the TOC, killing or wounding virtually everyone inside. Methodically, the others went from bunker to bunker, blowing them with satchel charges, RPGs and, in some cases, homemade grenades fashioned from Coca-Cola cans. One G.I.



G.I. STANDING AMID BUNKERS BLOWN UP DURING NORTH VIETNAMESE ATTACK

stayed alive by playing dead: a sapper came up, removed the American's wristwatch, and then went on his way.

By 4:30, when the first gunships and Medevac helicopters arrived, the entire base was in flames. "You couldn't see because of the smoke," said Lieut. Mat Noonan, a Medevac pilot. "We had to circle three times just to see where the pad was." Noonan finally set down amidst "the worst carnage I have ever seen at an American installation. There were rows and rows of bodies—some burned to charcoal, others completely disemboweled. There were nine body bags full of bits and pieces of flesh."

Only twelve enemy bodies were found on the base—one of them stark naked, snared in the perimeter wire. U.S. casualties? The first thing Schulte noticed was that "there were very few people who could walk." All twelve officers had been killed or wounded, and an enlisted man with the equivalent rank of buck sergeant had assumed command. Only at daybreak did the full extent of the massacre become clear. The

official count, which seemed on the low side to some officials, was 33 dead and 76 wounded of 200 Americans. Of the 28 South Vietnamese troops in the base—which was in the process of being Vietnamized—only one was wounded. The American survivors pointed out that the South Vietnamese positions were not hit, and that the ARVN troops had made no attempt to help the embattled G.I.s. For its part, the South Vietnamese high command promptly launched a secret investigation to make sure that none of its men had betrayed the base.

In any case, Americal Division officers conceded that the base was unprepared. "Somebody out there screwed up," one U.S. sergeant concluded. "The guards were asleep and the gunners never got their guns down into final defensive positions." SP-4 Schulte found a broader moral in Mary Ann: "A lot of us spend 300 or 360 days a year in the jungle. We sleep in the rain, we eat out of cans, we stay wet ten or twelve days straight, until our bodies look like wrinkled prunes. The people back in the States think this war is over. It isn't."

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How Israel Feels About War and Peace

AS the search for a Middle East peace formula intensifies, Israel is coming under increasing attack from friends as well as foes. The complaint: Jerusalem is too rigid and hawkish. Last week, for example, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat proposed that Israeli troops pull back from the Suez Canal: Egyptian troops would occupy the canal's east bank, and Cairo would reinstitute a formal cease-fire. The suggestion was greeted suspiciously by Israel, which is adamant against Egyptian troops crossing the canal under such terms.

The Israeli government's approach may indeed be too tough and hyper-cautious. But a TIME-Louis Harris poll indicates that this stance enjoys overwhelming support among Israelis. If any U.S., Soviet or Arab policymakers assume that there is a significant dove faction in Israel, they appear sorely mistaken. Harris pollsters questioned a carefully selected sample of 1,177 Israeli Jews; since Arabs make up approx-

imately 10% of Israel's 3,000,000 citizens, 128 Israeli Arabs were also surveyed. Asked about peace, relations with neighboring countries, the occupied lands and domestic problems, the Arabs were generally optimistic about the future and eager for compromise. The Jews were by and large unyielding.

TIME's survey, carried out with the help of Public Opinion Research of Israel Ltd., indicates that there is scant public pressure on the coalition government of Premier Golda Meir to soften any policy—or, for that matter, to harden it. Of the Jewish Israelis questioned, 85% feel that the government is doing all it should to negotiate a peace treaty. They also give stunning support to the government position that the occupied territories of East Jerusalem, the Golan Heights and Sharm el Sheikh should be retained by Israel in any settlement (see map). Only 7% of the Israelis* questioned feel that the government should be more flexible in negotiating with the Arabs. As Harris notes: "Public attitudes are unlikely to determine policy. But they can indicate the limits of policy within which the government must operate if it is to have the support of the people."

The poll upsets the assumption that young Israelis are considerably less rigid than their elders. Under some circumstances they are: those aged 18 to 29, for instance, appear more amenable to increased social relations with Israeli Arabs than do older groups. More of the young think the government has been too rigid in its approach toward peace than do other groups (14% v. 2% among those aged 40 to 59). But the young are also more insistent than the older Israelis on holding direct talks with the Arabs rather than the indirect discussions being conducted through United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring. When it comes to surrendering territory captured from the Arabs during the 1967 Six-Day War, the 18-to-29s are most hawkish: 28% want to retain all territory or expand Israel's borders, v. 21% in the overall sample.

Following are summaries of the attitudes toward major national issues:

POSSIBILITIES OF PEACE: Of those questioned, 68% foresee peaceful relations, although only one in five believes that this can happen within five years. A total of 56% feel that the chances for peace are better now than they were a year ago. One obstacle from the Israeli point of view is distrust: 56% of those questioned feel that Egypt's Sadat was not sincere when he offered to recognize Israel's sovereignty; 30% are willing to take him at his word and 14% are not sure.

* Israelis, for the poll's purposes, indicates only Jewish Israelis.

Q: Do you agree with these statements? *

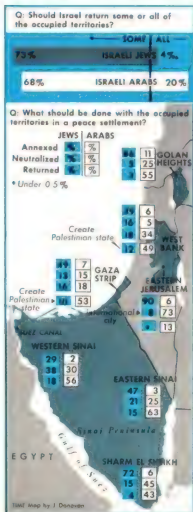
	YES	NO
Arabs are faster than Israelis	53%	36%
Arabs are less intelligent than Israelis	74	19
Most Arabs have a blind hatred toward Israel	68	26
Arabs are more cruel than Israelis	75	17
Arabs are not so brave as Israelis	80	12
Arabs are more dishonest than Israelis	66	20
Arabs are inferior to Israelis	67	23

* Asked of Jewish Jews only

Only 3% of Israelis believe that the Jarring talks have an excellent chance of leading to a meaningful peace settlement, and only 26% feel that the chances are good. This may be because they dislike the way in which peace negotiations have been carried on so far. In the minds of 60%, the only way talks can possibly succeed is by means of direct discussions between Israel and the Arabs. Peace guarantees must also be directly agreed on by Israel and the Arabs, say 57%, while 35% believe that the Big Four must guarantee the settlement for it to be effective.

THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES: The major obstacles to peace now are the occupied territories. Nearly three out of four Israelis (73%) are prepared to give back some for overall peace, even though 18% prefer to retain the present *de facto* borders and 3% actually want to expand them. Only 4% would return all the occupied land. Fully 93% of Israelis approve Israel's annexation of East Jerusalem and such expansions as the controversial housing projects at Nehi Samwil on which Israel's Housing Ministry has begun work.

Possibly because Israelis consider Syria the neighbor most reluctant about reaching peace, an overwhelming 86% favor the annexation of the Golan Heights, from which Syrian artillery regularly shelled Israeli kibbutzim during the war. And 72% are for keeping Sharm el Sheikh, from which Egyptian gunners in the past turned back ships bound for the Israeli port of Eilat. About the only territory that significant numbers of Israelis are generally prepared to let go is the sandy western Sinai desert. Yet even here, only 18% are willing to give the captured desert back to Egypt, while 29% favor annexation, and 38% propose neutralizing the territory as a buffer zone.





ISRAELIS ON GOLAN HEIGHTS



GOLDA MEIR



PATROLLING IN GAZA

Under attack from friends and foes, but not from those who live there.

THE REFUGEE PROBLEM: Israelis accept (61%) that peacemaking will be difficult unless the Palestinian refugee problem is somehow solved (81% of Israeli Arabs feel the same way; this is one of the few issues on which the two groups agree). Yet by a 58% to 34% margin, Israelis find it difficult to feel sympathy for the refugees because they believe so many of them want to see Israel destroyed.

Offered five possible solutions to the situation, Israelis heavily rejected four. Only 2% believe that refugees should be allowed to return to live wherever they want in Israel; 13% feel they should return but only if they are settled in specified areas; 7% favor an East Bank-West Bank Palestinian state; and 8% would accept a West Bank Palestinian state. The predominant view (57%) is that the refugees should be settled in Arab countries with Israel paying them compensation.

ATTITUDES TOWARD ARABS: Such sentiment against the refugees is partly a reflection of Israeli prejudice against Arabs generally (see chart). It is impossible to determine the extent to which such feelings have been colored by a quarter-century of war and unremitting hostility between Arab and Jew. Only a fourth of the Israeli Jews admit that prejudice exists against the Arabs. Yet the highest government job the majority is willing to give an Arab at the present time is a low-level civil service position. Among the Israelis, 23% say they would be bothered if an Arab sat beside them in a restaurant, 26% if they had to work closely with one, 49% if an Arab family moved next door, 54% if their children had an Arab teacher, 74% if their children became close friends with Arabs, and 84% if a friend or relative were to marry an Arab. The most biased Israelis are recently arrived Sephardic Jews from Africa and Asia, many of whom lived in Arab countries. The least biased are native-born Ashkenazis, followed by the Europe-bred Sephardis.

Israeli Arabs, since they are the minority, were merely asked if they felt discriminated against; 54% do. On the

peace issue, the dominant Arab view is that indirect negotiations with Egypt and Jordan could succeed and that the Big Four could reach a Middle East settlement. Israeli Arabs are more inclined to return all or some occupied territory (88% v. 77% of the Israelis) and 49% would like to see the West Bank become a Palestinian state. Their principal domestic worry is one that ranks low among Israelis: 22% feel that taxes are too high and living costs too steep.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT RATES: Israelis are high on their political leaders. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan is most lauded, with 95% rating him anywhere from "excellent" to "pretty good." Dayan even outpolled Mrs. Meir, whose rating was 91%. Abba Eban received 78% among Israelis (and 75% among Arabs who approve of his relative dovishness and the fact that he makes radio broadcasts in perfect Arabic). Opposition Leader Menahem Begin received a 66% rating. Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek and Deputy Premier Yigal Alon each received 65%; Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, 53%.

Golda Meir, for the time being at least, appears to have a lock on the Premier's office. She is the first choice for that job of 52% of Israelis. Dayan is a distant runner-up: 20% make him their first choice for Premier and 31% their second choice. Alon got first-choice votes from 8% and second choice from 21%. Political observers note, however, that on the day Premier Levi Eshkol died two years ago, Golda Meir rated poorly in a poll of possible successors.

With few exceptions Israelis believe the Labor government is doing an excellent job. Only in two out of eleven areas is the government faulted, and mildly at that. A total of 38% think that relations could be improved with the Soviet Union, perhaps indicating a hope that if the two nations were on better terms, the exodus of Soviet Jews to Israel might increase. A total of 62% think the government has not been effective in planning postwar policies or are not sure that it has. Israelis are also worried about a decline in their quality of life: 44% agree with the state-

ment. "The country has been at war for so long that many Israelis are getting hardened and militaristic"; 47% disagree. In the 18-to-29 age group, 56% agree that there is danger that Israel is developing a garrison-state mentality.

FEELINGS ABOUT RELIGION: No written constitution has ever been framed, partly because Israelis have been unwilling to define too closely the limits of religious orthodoxy. The TIME-Louis Harris survey indicates a lessening of religious commitment. Of those interviewed, only 13% define themselves as religious, 40% as non-religious and the remaining 47% as traditionalists who observe at least major holy days. While 49% consider that religion plays just about the right role in Israel, 38% think orthodoxy has too great a say, and their most common complaint is that it interferes with their private lives. There is an almost even division on the issue of complete separation of synagogue and state: 46% favor it, and 47% oppose it. Of college graduates surveyed, 53% think religion plays too great a role in Israel. Less educated Jews are less complaining.

In spite of such leanings, the group as a whole is overwhelmingly in favor of continued religious influence on government activities. Civil marriages in place of religious services are opposed by 54%, while 72% favor the present system of serving only kosher food to Israel's armed forces.

One conclusion that emerges quite clearly from the survey is that Israelis feel generally secure. Fully 72% think it would be only "slightly difficult" or "difficult but not impossible" for Israel to defend itself without financial aid from Jews abroad; 76% feel the same about survival without U.S. support. Israelis obviously believe that they are negotiating from strength and can therefore hold out for the kind of hard Arab concessions they deem necessary to insure their peace and survival. What if this attitude were to lead to war? A minuscule 3% foresee defeat, while 91% are certain that Israel can triumph over the Arabs a fourth time around. Surprisingly, 56% of Israeli Arabs agree.



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BRITAIN

A Two-Nations Budget?

After taking office last June, Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath promised to launch a "revolution so quiet and yet so total" that it would turn Britain once more into a competitive economic power. By easing the oppressive burden of taxation, he hoped to restore incentive to executives and galvanize workers out of the "I'm all right, Jack" mentality that has hobbled productivity for decades. Though he could hardly dismantle the Labor-built welfare state, he did begin to pare some of the benefits and increase the cost of social services.

Last week the Tory government carried its quiet revolution—or counter-revolution—a long step further. In the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer Anthony Barber unlocked the customary faded red leather case embossed with Queen Victoria's monogram, "VR," and produced the new budget. It is an economic program designed to get Britain out of what Barber describes as "the ruts we have been following": an economic growth rate of only 2%, an inflation rate of 8% and rising unemployment that currently has 750,000 Britons out of work. In a two-hour speech that brought Tory M.P.s to their feet and sent the London stock exchange index to the biggest one-day rise in its postwar history, Barber announced tax cuts of \$1.3 billion, favoring high-wage earners and intended to stimulate "initiative, enterprise and effort."

Some Relief. In an effort to raise the growth rate to at least 3%, corporation taxes were lowered to 40% (under Labor, the high was 45%). Inheritance tax exemptions were liberalized. As a first step toward a reform of Britain's "confiscatory" income tax system, as he called it, Barber put a 75.4% ceiling on tax rates for those in the \$50,000-and-above range (v. the 91.25% rate that applied under Labor). There were lesser cuts for those in the middle-income brackets. Additionally, the elderly had their pensions boosted by 20% and exemptions for minor children were raised by nearly \$100.

There is little doubt that Britain's tax structure has discouraged skilled workers from boosting their earnings by overtime, penalized executives, and driven high-paid artists out of the country—Noel Coward to Switzerland, the Rolling Stones to France, and Peter Sellers to Ireland. While launching the tax reforms, the Conservatives are also taking some painful steps toward making social services more selective. This week the government is ending cheap welfare milk to expectant mothers and preschool children. Increases in school meal prices, prescription fees in the National Health Service, dental charges, fares on the nationalized railways and rents on subsidized housing have all been put in motion since the Tories came to power. Even the cost of Barber's higher pensions for the aged will come from high-



OLD-AGE PENSIONERS AT PARLIAMENT
Incentive, initiative—and inequality.

er payroll contributions from workers.

Can Heath really restore dynamism to Britain by giving the relatively well-to-do a bigger break than the relatively hard-up? Theoretically, such an approach might be just what is needed. Politically, it might prove a bad gamble. Labor was quick to alert Britons to the implications of the cutbacks. "It is a budget for strengthening inequality," said ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins. Former Prime Minister Harold Wilson touched an even more sensitive nerve. He charged that Barber had created a "two-nations" budget, recalling Disraeli's famous label for the Britain of haves and have-nots.

UGANDA

King Freddie Comes Home

"In the end, I shall return to the land of my fathers and my people," wrote Sir Edward ("King Freddie") Mutesa II in 1966, shortly after he escaped to a London exile. His land was Uganda (pop. 10 million), of which he was the first President, and his people were the 3,000,000 Baganda tribesmen, of whom he was the last Kabaka (King).

Last week King Freddie came home to a hero's welcome. He was dressed in the uniform of a major general and accompanied by an honor guard from his old regiment, the British Grenadier Guards. His plane, a chartered 707, was escorted by four Uganda air force jet fighters. When he landed at Entebbe Airport beside Lake Victoria, he was met by Uganda's military ruler, Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada, and accorded an unprecedented 73-gun salute—21 for an ex-President, 42 for a former King and 10 more for good measure.

The trouble was that King Freddie did not return alive.

Penniless and alone, old beyond his 45 years, he died of alcohol poisoning 17 months ago in a dingy London flat. Friends scraped up enough money for embalming and burial, but they could not send the body back to Uganda so long as Milton Obote, the man who had deposed King Freddie, remained President. After Obote was overthrown last January by General Amin, the new President made plans to bring the Kabaka's body home to strengthen his support among the Baganda, the country's largest tribe.

Amin was warned by some of his countrymen that the return of Freddie's body could lead to rioting among the Baganda, many of whom had refused to believe that their Kabaka was dead. Others warned that there might be widespread killings to ensure that Freddie would be provided with enough retainers in heaven.

Official Mourning. Amin, who has dissolved Parliament and banned political activity for two years, decided that his control over the country was firm enough for him to take the risk. On the first day of official mourning, he drove in an open Jeep past a three-mile line of Baganda tribesmen. In the Namirembe Anglican Cathedral, he stood for 30 minutes beside the figure of the Kabaka, almost perfectly preserved in a transparent coffin.

Four days later, Freddie was buried beside the graves of three former Kings of Buganda: his father, Sir Daudi Chwa; his grandfather, Mwanga, who executed the 22 Ugandan Catholics who were canonized in 1964; and his great-grandfather, Mutesa I. Freddie has an heir, Prince Mutebi, 16, who lives in Britain; but the boy is not likely to become King. Amin has repeatedly said that the kabakaship died with the unfortunate King Freddie.



THE KABAKA LYING IN STATE
A hero's welcome and a 73-gun salute.

THE PHILIPPINES

Prescription for Revolution

Over the Sibuyan Sea in the central Philippines, two long-haired young Filipinos last week barged into the cockpit of a BAC-One-Eleven jet bound from Manila to the southern island of Mindanao. "This is a hijack," said one, pressing a pistol against the pilot's neck. "Head north—to Peking." A second youth nervously fingered the aircraft's fire ax, while three others guarded the passengers. Told that the Philippine Air Lines plane could not make it to Peking, 1,500 miles away, the hijackers agreed to a refueling stop at Hong Kong, where the plane landed with just three minutes of fuel to spare.

After allowing 20 of the 44 passengers to disembark, the hijackers ordered the pilot to take off again, but agreed to a closer destination: Canton, 90 miles away. Surprised officials at White Cloud airport fed the passengers, including four Americans, and put them up overnight in a nearby barracks. The next morning, Chinese authorities sent plane and passengers winging home—minus the six hijackers.

Subdued Scourges. The incident, the first successful skyjacking to China, was symptomatic of the heightened violence that seems to have overtaken the often violent Philippines. The country is more than usually beset by economic, political and social ills—and by the guns of extremists. The old scourges of the islands, the Huk, have been so cut up by government raids that they now amount to little more than a Mafia-like bunch of "protection" racketeers. But on Luzon, several hundred members of a Maoist New People's Army wage intermittent guerrilla war against the central government. On Mindanao, some 2,000 people died during the past year in clashes between private armies of Christians and Moslems over land and

timber holdings. In Manila, during the last three months, leftist students allied with striking workers have staged a series of demonstrations, which left nine people dead and hundreds injured.

Probably most significant for the long run is the rapid growth of the Kabataang Makabayan, or Patriotic Youth, which is directly linked to the Maoist guerrillas. In just a year the K.M. has mushroomed to at least 30,000 members, many from upper-middle-class families. The youths who hijacked the Philippine Air Lines plane last week were later identified as K.M. members.

The 400. At times Philippine President Ferdinand E. Marcos, 52, tries to minimize the growing unrest among the country's 39 million people. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar in Manila's Malacañang Palace, Marcos insisted: "There's not as much turbulence here, I would say, as in some Western countries, perhaps the U.S. and Belfast, Ireland." But at other times Marcos concedes that Philippine society is "sick, so sick that it must either be cured now or buried in a deluge of reforms."

Colonized first by the Spaniards in the 16th century, and then "Coca-colonized" by the Americans, who occupied the islands in 1898, the nation has a U.S.-style presidential form of government superimposed on an oligarchical society. Some 400 families control 90% of the country's wealth, while the average per capita income is only \$150 a year. Far from redistributing income, governments have reinforced the riches and power of the oligarchs since independence in 1946. That might be a prescription for revolution, and many Filipinos fear that their society is being strained near the breaking point. What still holds the system together, and gives it a basically conservative cast, is an all-encompassing web of loyalties and obligations, known in Tagalog as *utang na loob* (to owe a favor).

The Richest Man. One reason for the upsurge in radicalism is an economic crunch brought on in part by Marcos' own policies. Elected in 1965, Marcos embarked on an ambitious agriculture and development program to give Filipinos "rice and roads." He was re-elected in 1969 with an astounding majority of nearly 2,000,000 votes. The trouble was that his high-spend administration emptied the treasury. To refinance the Philippines' international debts, he was forced, in effect, to devalue the peso by a drastic 40%, tightly restrict imports and slow down economic growth. The result has been a rate of unemployment and underemployment totaling roughly



MARCOS WITH FAMILY AFTER RE-ELECTION
For opponents, a Hobson's choice.

25%, and a rate of inflation that was officially admitted to be 21% last year.

Marcos himself has been sufficiently freewheeling with government funds to be labeled "the richest man in Asia" by the noisy local press. In 1969 alone, he transferred \$10 million from the armed forces budget to his own office for unexplained "intelligence purposes." The President's critics in the press also accuse him of having been imprudently involved with an American movie starlet named Dovie Beams. Not that such stories will necessarily harm Marcos. As one politician noted: "We still believe very much in *machismo*."

From the Top. Marcos has promised Filipinos a "democratic revolution" from the top, directed, of course, by Marcos himself. Because he is barred by the constitution from a third term, his comely wife Imelda, a onetime Miss Manila, is being built up as a possible candidate to succeed him. Marcos could also invoke martial law before his term expires in 1973 and continue in office. As one Western diplomat puts it: "If Marcos is still alive, he'll be President in 1974. He intends to solve problems with an authoritarian approach." The most likely possibility, however, is a constitutional change. Marcos has called a constitutional convention for June, and aides are promoting the notion of a semi-parliamentary system—so far undefined—that would allow him to continue in office. Critics charge that Marcos has already bought the votes of most of the delegates.

At any rate his opponents are left with a Hobson's choice. They can accept the prospect of Marcos' continuing in office, or they can take to the streets in protest, which would give the President cause to invoke martial law.

MANILA POLICE & DEMONSTRATORS





THIS IS ONE OF OUR FAVORITE PICTURES of Jack Daniel Hollow. We hope you like it, too.



One of our employees is showing a group of visitors up around the limestone cave spring. No doubt he's telling how Jack Daniel discovered the spring over 100 years ago and put his distillery right alongside it. One man has paused for a drink of water. But he'll have plenty of time to catch up with his friends and not miss a thing.

We're happy most everyone enjoys a visit like this to our Hollow. What we're hoping is, this fine picture might inspire a visit from you.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

JAPAN

A Blue Sky for Tokyo

Some 500 years ago the great Japanese warrior-poet Ota Dokan built a castle on the marshy fringes of what is today Tokyo Bay. A bustling little town sprang up, and Ota wrote:

*The abode of mine
Adjoins a pine grove
Sitting on the blue sea
And from its humble eaves
Commands a view of soaring Fuji.*

Today Ota Dokan's poem is remembered more in sorrow than anything else. His beloved town has mushroomed into the world's most populous—and most polluted—capital, home to 11.4 million gasping people. The fabled pines are suffocating from smog. The blue sea is washed by tons of noxious industrial wastes. Tokyoites lament that soaring Fuji-san, obscured by deadly clouds of sulfur dioxide, shows its face only one day out of every ten.

Vision or Illusion? With elections scheduled next week in Tokyo—and in thousands of towns, cities and prefectures (states) throughout Japan—pollution has emerged as the capital's No. 1 issue. Socialist Governor Ryokichi Minobe, 67, a scholarly, soft-spoken former economics professor, is pinning his hopes for re-election on the slogan: "Give Tokyo back its blue sky!" His opponent for the governorship (the equivalent of a U.S. mayoralty) is former Police Chief Akira Hatano, 59, a first-time campaigner, hand-picked by Premier Eisaku Sato and his Liberal Democratic Party. Hatano joined the fray with a promise from Sato that if he wins, the federal government will put up 4 trillion yen (\$11 billion) to make Tokyo livable again.

How would Hatano spend the money? He commissioned an army of city planners, architects, sociologists and economists to draw up a grandiose scheme. Dubbed "Hatano's Vision," it calls for underground channels to accommodate subways, motor vehicles and sewage, plus a series of earthquake-resistant high-rise housing developments linked to commercial centers by super-highways. All would be interlaced with green belts and recreation areas. Hatano's Vision, says Minobe, is an "illusion" that would convert Tokyo into "an inhuman mass of steel and concrete."

Side Effects. Tokyo has never lacked for master plans. The boldest was designed in 1960 by Architect Kenzo Tange, whose ambitious blueprint to extend the city out over Tokyo Bay attracted attention round the world, but was virtually ignored at home. Though never geisha-gracious like Kyoto, its sister city to the southwest, Tokyo has always made up for its lack of physical charm with a sense of rawboned excitement. Its pleasure districts are the gaudiest anywhere. The hub of the nation's cultural life, Tokyo boasts five symphony orchestras, attracts most of the country's artists and hosts more than half a million university students.

Many of its problems are side effects of the postwar economic miracle that saw Japan climb to the third highest G.N.P. (\$219 billion) in the world, behind the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Attracted by the promise of jobs, thousands upon thousands of rural poor poured into the city, flooding public transportation, cramming the highways and creating a desperate housing shortage. Almost unnoticed, the steel factories, shipyards and chemical works that provided them with jobs befouled the waterways, seashores and air. Commented Tokyo's



HATANO MINOBE
G.N.P. means Gross National Pollution.

leading daily, *Asahi Shimbun*: "Japan has won its economic battle and attained the status of a superpower in G.N.P. only to find that the slogan to which it has been so religiously dedicated means Gross National Pollution."

Even now there are no laws requiring emission devices on automobiles. Most factories still burn high-sulfur Persian Gulf oil. Only 40 full-time inspectors have been hired to check pollution in Tokyo's 10,000 factories. When a swimmer died recently in the Sumida River—which Tokyoites have renamed the "River of Death"—an autopsy showed that he had not drowned, but suffocated from inhaling methane gas, a by-product of sludge and pollutants.

Complicating the matter further, much of the city's lethal, eye-smarting smog, which sent 8,000 persons to the hospital last July, sweeps into Tokyo from factories outside the prefecture in the bustling Yokohama-Kawasaki region. Though the Diet passed 14 anti-pollution measures last winter, including the power to arrest offenders as criminals, Premier Sato has yet to demonstrate any enthusiasm for enforcement, presumably for fear of alienating big business contributors to his party.

Pollution is currently Tokyo's most heatedly debated problem, but it is only one of many. Despite a rapidly expanding and incredibly punctual communications network, subways and trains are packed at 250% to 300% of capacity during rush hours. Several of the city's wards are sinking below sea level at an alarming rate because industrial plants have drawn off so much water from underground streams. As if all this were not enough, geologists have warned that Tokyo is just about ripe for another major earthquake—and that at least 3,000,000 would die if it were anywhere near as intense as the 1923 temblor that killed 143,000.

"There are some cities, like New York, which are finished, completed," says Candidate Hatano. "You can't do anything with them but a little bit here and there. Tokyo is not at all completed. It has a future because there is so much that can be done." Few would dispute that point—but will 4 trillion yen be enough, even for starters?

BATHERS THROG Tokyo SWIMMING POOL



PEOPLE

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN—CAMERA 3

San Francisco's ebullient Mayor Joseph Alioto was arraigned last week in Seattle on charges of bribing a Washington State official and using the mails for that purpose. Nothing daunted, Alioto stoutly maintained his innocence of what he called a "14-carat fake" accusation "filled with absolute falsehoods." Would he, despite the charges, run for re-election next fall? Alioto, noting that he had been "not just a full-time mayor but an overtime mayor as well," avoided a straight answer, but let his guard down enough to tell reporters that he had no plans "to resign over this filthy business in Seattle."

When he became secretary-general of France's Radical Party more than a year ago, Politician-Publisher Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber promised to lead the decaying organization to victory in the 1971 municipal elections. He campaigned lustily; the Radicals lost overwhelmingly. In the wake of that letdown, J.-J. S.-S. expressed a somewhat disdainful attitude toward the legislative process in France. "I don't have the right," he said recently, "to waste my time and the money of my electors by attending the National Assembly." To avoid a wrenching showdown within the party, Servan-Schreiber last week took what was politely called a leave of absence. "This is not some sort of going into the inactive reserve," he insisted. Of course, it wasn't exactly re-enlisting for a new tour of duty either.

When it comes to outdoor sports, Brigitte Bardot can take soccer or leave it, and she has always chosen the latter. In Paris last week, however, a French all-star team met Brazil's flashy Santos team, starring Pelé, the game's greatest



MAYOR ALIOTO

Not full time but overtime.

player. Brigitte was coaxed into sprinting across the field, clad patriotically in blue sweater, red boots and tight white hot pants, to kick off the first ball. Her inspirational toe power prevailed. The French booters held the powerful Brazilians to a scoreless tie.

It wasn't so long ago that conformity at Smith College meant lots of pearls, cashmere twin sets and an Ivory-soaped glow of health. According to Julie Nixon Eisenhower (Smith '70), all that has now been changed. She found her senior year "very oppressive . . . there was so much emphasis on conformity. You had to be involved in a strike, you had to be involved in a fast for peace. There really was belligerence against those who didn't want to be part of this." Julie also raised a few eyebrows when she said that it "was disappointing not to be able to attend graduation ceremonies last year" (there was fear of anti-administration demonstrations). At the time, the White House said that Julie did not care about the ceremonies.

Pop Artist Andy Warhol, who elevated ennui to a principle of aesthetics, is bored again—this time with his own name. Andy wants to change it, he said last week, because "it seems like a good idea. I don't want to be associated with that awful person Andy Warhol any more." But the underground film maker who christened Ingrid Superstar and Viva showed a depressing lack of originality when it came to picking a new name for himself. Warhol's choice: John Doe.

The *Saturday Review* ad was mixed in among pitches for Hex Signs, Outrageous Things and Authentic Edwardian Embossed Labels. "Bill Benton wants a top assistant," read the top line.

Qualifications? Well, a skilled writer who scribbles poetry on the side, likes to sell and is interested in business, knows how to add and subtract (but this is "not essential") and is able to counsel on personal investments. Applicants were invited to name their own salary ("from \$100 to \$1,000 per week or \$2,000. Probably should start around \$500"). Working for Encyclopaedia Britannica Publisher William Benton, the message cautioned, can be frustrating but provocative—rather like his ad.

In common with most playwrights, Edward Albee is known to feel—at least after getting bad reviews—that the stage really might be better off without critics. His latest effort, *All Over*, opened on Broadway to what might kindly be called mixed notices. Pouted Albee: "I go back to my theory that all critics should be judged by their betters, that is, the playwrights. And if they don't measure up, they should be shot."

The Manhattan saloon and restaurant run by Toots Shor has long been a rallying point for athletes (champions and also-rans too), convivial sports lovers, businessmen and celebrity-minded tourists. The ever-present host, a bluff former nightclub bouncer, made it a point to fuel his chums, who ranged from newsmen to archbishops, with good steaks and better booze. Patrons knew that they had won approval when gravel-voiced Toots began calling them "crum-bum," "meat-head" or "ya bum ya." Last week the ambience was changed. Drink in hand, Toots sat morosely at a table saying, "we're rehabilitating for three or four weeks." His place closed down under the weight of a tax lien and amid rumors of bankruptcy. The situation was brightened only slightly by a story that the place might reopen under new owners in a month or two.



SHOR WITH JOE FRAZIER
No more fuel.



BARDOT & PELÉ
Talented toes.

THE LAW

Life Among the Manson Jurors

As the trial for the Tate-LaBianca killings convened in Los Angeles last June, Chief Defense Counsel Paul Fitzgerald admitted: "There is no way we are ever going to get a reasonable jury. So we decided to frustrate the prosecution attempts to select a good jury and try to keep every ding-a-ling we could find, to get the worst possible jury."

The object was to get one or more mavericks who would contradict the majority and thereby hang the jury. The stratagem did not work. Last week, after nine months of endless testimony and agonized deliberations, the seven-man, five-woman panel that had convicted Charles Manson, Leslie Van Houten, Susan Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel also recommended the death penalty for all four. Then Judge Charles Older did something unusual: he commended the jurors for service "above and beyond the call of duty." If it were within his power, he said, he would award each member a medal of honor. Concluded Older: "To my knowledge, no jury in history has been sequestered for so long a period or subjected to such an ordeal." He stepped down from the bench and gravely shook each juror's hand.

Second Honeymoon. A generally staid, middle-class group, the jurors were unprepared for the grueling experience, which was enough to make ding-a-lings out of the most stable personalities. Yet their deliberations seemed unaffected. The impact on their personal lives was something else.

A few took the trial with amazing aplomb. Alva Dawson, 74, a retired deputy sheriff and the oldest member of the panel, rode an exercising bicycle in his spare time to keep fit and observed that he missed only one thing—the new piano he had been learning to play before the trial. William Zamora, 45, a state employee and sometime actor, plans to write a book called *Sequestered*, and his announced intention made the others leary of him. He became something of an outcast, spending much of his time in his room typing notes. Zamora claimed last week that his forthcoming book will include seamy tales about jurors being "promiscuous" (other jurors quickly denied the charge).

William McBride, 25, a shaggy-haired Los Angeles bachelor, lost his fiancée during the lengthy separation. He thinks that they would have broken up eventually anyway, and that the trial merely hastened matters. In any event, intimate companionship was a problem for him. Spouses stayed overnight with married jurors on weekends. Mrs. John Baer, wife of the 61-year-old electrical technician who was considered the most dutiful juror, called her visits to the Ambassador Hotel a "second honeymoon." But unmarried jurors were not officially

allowed any company, and McBride had the authorities peering over his shoulder. "One time down at the pool," he recalled, "I met this real cute, real friendly girl. I knew something was going to happen if I could get to know her a little, but this big female bailiff came up while we were talking and asked, 'Do you know this woman, Mr. McBride?' I said, 'No, but I will in a few minutes.' So the bailiff made me go upstairs, even though the girl said she wouldn't mention a thing about the case." McBride added, with a self-satisfied smile, that he later latched on to a pretty bank employee who paid him occasional visits.

Taking to Drink. There were a host of more serious problems. Mrs. Baer had to give up a \$600-a-month night job to look after her teen-age daughter during her husband's absence. Mrs. Jean Roseland, 41, an ash-blond mother of three teen-agers, lost her office job. Marie Mesner, 45, a former Los Angeles drama critic and a divorcee, had no one to look after her house. It was burglarized twice, and her chimney collapsed during the February earthquake.

Mrs. Evelyn Hines, 29, a Dictaphone operator, probably suffered the most embarrassing ordeal. After the jury was locked up, her husband was asked by a reporter if Mrs. Hines was developing any bad habits during the sequestration. Hines replied that she had taken to drinking a cocktail before dinner, which she had never done before. Several days later, Defense Attorney Irving Kanarek, who infuriated everyone during the trial with his obstructionist tactics and windy harangues, implied to reporters that Mrs. Hines was turning into an alcoholic and might not be fit for jury duty. The husband left town after Kanarek called for him to testify in court about his wife's "drinking." Not knowing what was going on, Mrs. Hines was mystified when she could not reach her husband by phone. The tension brought on an asthmatic attack.

Rubber Chicken. A social clique formed around the jury's foreman, Herman Tubick, 58, an undertaker. Dubbed "Herman's kids," the group included Jean Roseland; Larry Sheely, 25, a telephone repairman; Anlee Sisto, 48, a school-district electronics technician; Bob Douglass, 35, an alternate juror; and Mrs. Hines, nicknamed "Giggie-bottom" because of her enthusiastic response to gags.

Particularly within the clique, the jurors sought release from the trial's strain through childish high jinks. Sheely and Sisto were first and second bananas. With unfettered glee, they short-sheeted beds, banged on walls, and placed a tape recording of reveille set to go off at 4 a.m. under a court deputy's bed (he slept through it). Their boho running gag: a rubber chicken purchased as a complement to Sheely's chicken jokes. The chicken made regular ap-

ZAMORA WITH DOG

MRS. ROSELAND BACK HOME

SISTO LEAVING HOTEL WITH GUITAR

Our oldest employee. Crotchety, lazy and completely devoted.



We're not quite sure when this Pinot Noir vine came to work for us.

Certainly before 1900.

Training it was a pain in the neck. (Your noble vines are always temperamental.)

And it's never produced many grapes.

But by golly, the grapes it does produce are just splendid.

So we put up with all the problems. Because when you're a premium wine-maker, splendid is what you need.

You can make a sound wine with lesser grapes.

But Paul Masson's Pinot Noir is more than a sound wine. It's a fine wine.

You'll have to pay more for it, of course. Because premium grapes are scarce. Because of the small cooperage we use. And because we age our wine a long time before we'll let you buy it.

But at least you know where your money goes.

It's right there in the bottle.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA 1970



SURPRISE!

*This isn't a fountain pen or ball point
It's **Flair**!
The nylon point pen
in a classic executive edition!*



executive flair
only \$195, refillable.

appearances in beds and toilets around the jurors' hotel rooms at the Ambassador (cleverly dubbed the "Ambassador"). As a token of their esteem, the group at trial's end presented the chicken to Judge Older.

When practical jokes palled, there were a myriad of other diversions: canasta and cribbage, songfests with Sisto and Douglass on guitars, jigsaw puzzles, crossword puzzles, model building, knitting, reading and a discotheque. Buer, a devout Presbyterian, read his Bible a great deal when not poring over his notes on the testimony. A few, like Sisto, were genuinely enthralled by the enforced camaraderie. As he put it later: "I miss the friendship. I always felt like I could go knock on someone's door and talk any

bled adolescence. The death sentences bothered some, like the pious John Baer, who had to do some delicate rationalizing: "In the trial the defense lawyers said that the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had gone out of effect nearly 2,000 years ago. I believe that although Jesus Christ came to show the way of love, we cannot live without the civil authorities until all people learn to live by love instead of hate."

The shouted threats from the defendants seemed to confirm the fears of the jurors. "Lock your doors!" the Manson women cried. "Protect your kids!" Said Tubick after the verdict: "I'm scared witless." In Evelyn Hines' home, the police department's emergency number is clearly displayed these days by both of the Hineses' telephones. An M-1 carbine lies beneath Mr. Hines' side of the bed. Each night as she prepares the family dinner, Mrs. Hines hears the police helicopter whirring overhead: helicopters patrol from time to time near each juror's home. When the telephone rings and the party hangs up just as Mr. Hines says hello, she coughs her nervous cough again.

Insufficient Evidence

The notorious case of U.S. Actor William Berger, 42, which has created a furor over Italy's indiscriminating narcotics laws and the country's faulty legal machinery (TIME, April 5), finally came to an end last week in a Salerno courtroom. Eight months ago, in a search for drugs along the Amalfi coast, Italian police entered Berger's rented villa while he was entertaining dinner guests and found marijuana (nine-tenths of one gram) in a snuff box, less than enough for one joint. That was more than enough for them to arrest Berger, his wife Carol, 39, and seven guests.

What followed, however, was altogether too much. Berger's friends were told to leave the country. His wife died in a hospital, after surgery, of bronchial pneumonia leading to cardiac collapse. She had been under guard for nine weeks, although no charges were brought against her, and Berger suspects that better medical attention might have saved her. Last week, after his own long incarceration without bail, Berger was acquitted of the charge of possession of the drug because there was no evidence that it belonged to him. He was also cleared of having allowed his villa "Casa Degli Angeli" (House of the Angels) to be used as a *fumeria* (smoking place or opium den).

Following his release from purgatory, Berger displayed the same fatalistic calm he showed during his long detention. "I don't understand why Carol had to die," he said quietly. "But if she had to die, why that way? The doctors, the priests, the policemen, the guards, they are all nice people. I haven't found any devils. They are all nice people, but they acted differently because of the rules, because of pieces of paper."



FOREMAN TUBICK
Scared witless.

time of the day or night, just like when I was in the Navy."

Besides Zamora, the putative author, another member tried to capitalize on the trial's sensational appeal. At the close of deliberations, Sheely implored his fellow jurors to avoid reporters and hold out for a \$200,000 magazine contract. Said Tubick: "Most of us were shocked. I didn't think it was right—I just walked out of the room."

Eye for an Eye. Despite internecine pettiness, the jurors were serious and considerate of one another during their deliberations. In broad terms, there was little disagreement about the guilty verdict. The prosecution's case had been orderly, fact-filled, conclusive. The defense had been disorganized and virtually devoid of convincing evidence. Psychiatric testimony, the jurors said later, hurt the defense case rather than helped it. Attempts to depict Krenwinkel and Van Houten as good girls from wholesome backgrounds only indicated to the jury that they had less reason to rebel than Atkins, who had suffered through a trou-



PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER OVER CAMP PENDLETON BEACH

ENVIRONMENT

Week's Watch

From the Western White House in San Clemente, Calif., President Nixon in 1969 gazed down the 63 miles of adjacent beach held by the U.S. Marine Corps, Camp Pendleton and mused that the public should have use of it. Last week he followed through, asking the Senate and House Armed Services Committees to approve giving the beach to California. It was, he said, the first of several planned transfers of \$6.8 billion worth of "excess" federal property to state and local governments for recreational and other uses. Others now under consideration are in Long Island, N.Y., San Francisco and Seattle.

To the consternation of Hawaii's Visitors Bureau, chambers of commerce and hoteliers, travel agents throughout the U.S. last week began receiving a brochure entitled *Facts You Should Know to Appreciate Fully the ALOHA STATE!* The purported facts: Hawaii's air, water and land are being seriously contaminated by auto exhaust, raw sewage and overuse of pesticides, and "the cost of living in Hawaii is at least 20% higher than on the mainland."

The brochure was traced to students in a course in consumerism and environmental activism at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu. Their teacher: one of Ralph Nader's Raiders, lawyer J. Davitt McAteer, 26. The critics, who quickly zeroed in, could not deny the brochure's accuracy on cost of living. But, as a Honolulu paper pointed out, the state does seem ready to enforce strong water-quality laws and establish new standards governing air

pollution and noise. McAteer admitted the brochure violated Nader's principle of presenting both sides of an issue.

"First it was the flower children, invading the Haight-Ashbury district during the mid-1960s," says San Francisco Police Lawyer David P. Roche. "Now we've got the garbage children, scattered all over the city."

Despite their avowed reverence for the environment, growing numbers of San Francisco's street people have apparently turned polluters. Roche, who is head of his department's legal-affairs office, contends that hundreds of youths, squatting in buses, trucks, campers and cars, are littering city streets with garbage and human wastes. Worried about the growing health hazard, the San Francisco board of supervisors has voted to ban such motorized camp-ins from city streets between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. If the mayor signs the ban into law, as is expected, anyone caught living in vehicles parked on city streets between those hours may be fined up to \$1,000 and sentenced to up to six months in jail.

DDT has been outlawed in Canada, Cyprus, Sweden, Hungary and Norway. Last week Japan followed suit. The Japanese ban includes not only DDT, which Japanese farmers use mainly on fruit trees, but also BHC, a pesticide that is widely credited with making Japan a self-sufficient rice producer. "We're still in the dark on what residual BHC and DDT will do to the human system," says Dr. Hideo Fukuda of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. "But we've decided that it is wise to ban them sooner rather than later."

Not so in the U.S. Last month Wil-

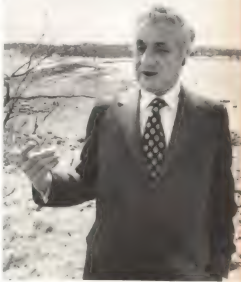
liam Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, announced that five economic poisons are not "imminent" hazards to humans, and therefore may be used pending further studies. The poisons are the insecticides DDT, aldrin, dieldrin and Mirex, plus 2,4, 5-T, once widely used as a defoliant by U.S. forces in Viet Nam.

Hard Test for Maine

As supertankers get bigger and bigger, they can put into fewer and fewer ports. The U.S.'s entire Eastern seaboard contains only a few harbors deep enough to accommodate the great ships, and all are in Maine—on a coast famous for its beauty, sailing and fishing. To protect this unspoiled area from the danger of laden tankers foundering in treacherous, often fogbound waters, the state last year enacted strong environmental laws with stiff penalties on oil spills (TIME, Feb. 16, 1970). Last week, at hearings before Maine's Environmental Improvement Commission, those laws met their severest test to date.

Protagonist of the hearings was a little-known development company called Maine Clean Fuels, Inc., which is armed with precious federal permission to import foreign crude and residual oil. Clean Fuels wants to build—but not operate—a \$150 million oil-desulfurization plant at the head of glorious Penobscot Bay. The proposed site: the little town of Searsport (pop. 1,800), a drab, faded conglomeration of weather-beaten brick buildings, a railroad depot, an oil tank farm and a Purina Dog Chow silo. Though Clean Fuels had previously been turned down by both Riverhead, N.Y., and South Portland, Me., it was in effect invited to Searsport, whose selectmen have already approved the 200-

STEVE HANSEN



SCOLL AT SEARSPORT
Poison or prosperity?

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000-barrels-a-day refinery. "I'm not for pollution," says Paul Staples, owner of a Searsport hardware store. "But if we don't get some added industry. Searsport may just kind of peter out."

Free Sewage. In presenting its case, Clean Fuels stresses potential economic benefits: new jobs both in the refinery and in byproduct industries, bigger municipal tax revenues, lower fuel prices. In addition, says Company President David Scoll, a former admiralty lawyer, possible oil spills will be contained during loading and unloading by bubbling air curtains and booms. To avert collisions, tankers will use special guidance systems. The refinery will be equipped with antipollution devices. As a bonus, Clean Fuels has even offered to treat Searsport's sewage—free.

Most area residents remain unimpressed. At last week's hearings in the Searsport high school gym, many charged that the highly automated refinery would not create many new jobs. But the biggest problem of all—one that has already caused 13 townships around Penobscot Bay to oppose the project—is the danger to the local fishing and tourist industries. Scientists testified that oil was "an environmental poison" with long aftereffects. Ossie Beal, president of the Maine Lobstermen's Association, contends that tankers and barges would sweep away most of the 186,000 lobster pots in the bay. "If there was an oil spill," he says, "well, we'd be out of business down here."

Challenge Ahead. The most convincing argument against the proposal was supplied by Clean Fuels itself. The company demonstrated at the hearings that it had not developed detailed plans for its refinery. Questions about such basics as the adequacy of local freshwater supplies and even the size of the plant were not definitely answered. Warned Donaldson Koons, chairman of the Environmental Improvement Commission: "You know we need some hard information before we can make a decision." Although that kind of prerequisite is customarily respected by big oil companies, Scoll argued: "How can anyone expect us to spend \$1,000,000 and eight months designing a refinery before we know we can build it?"

The commission must reach a decision next month. Whoever wins, the loser probably will challenge the constitutionality of Maine's laws in the courts. Whatever the outcome of that challenge, the hearings have already proved how complicated environmental cases are getting. The commission, empowered last year specifically to protect Maine's environment, must now consider hard economic questions about new jobs and income as well. While the proposed Searsport refinery would create a serious risk of oil pollution in its own environs, the desulfurized oil that it is meant to produce would, when marketed, lessen air pollution over the big cities of the Eastern seaboard.

Advertisement

MOVING

How to Talk to a Gorilla for Fun and Profit.

A lot of people worry when they use a moving company. They think the moving man is a gorilla who drives a truck. So anything he has to say just naturally sounds like jungle gibberish. It's full of strange, legal terms like "tare weight" and "bill of lading." Which somehow always creep into the final bill. And make it add up to a lot more than they originally expected to pay.

Well, now you can speak to the moving man in his own terms. There are new government regulations that carefully translate all of the gibberish into easy, everyday language. And help you to save time and money by explaining your rights when you use a moving company's services. Lyon, one of the big, national



moving companies, is offering to send you a free copy of these regulations under no obligation.

By reading these new regulations, you'll learn what to do when you think the bill is too high. What the mover's liability is for lost or damaged household goods. How to avoid delays in delivery. Where to file a claim. And how generally to protect yourself and your possessions on moving day.

For example, do you know the maximum amount a moving company has to pay you for lost or damaged goods when you're moving out of state? Only 60 cents a pound. The new regulations tell you how to get more coverage. And how much to ask for.

Every state has its own regulations. And these are often difficult to learn. Because many states don't print them for general distribution to the public. However, your local Lyon Moving and Storage agent will be happy to provide you with the rules that apply within your state.

Simply look in the phone book and call a Lyon agent. Ask for a free copy of the regulations governing your move within or out of state. Again, there's no obligation.

You're probably wondering why Lyon, a moving company, would want you to know about these new regulations. For a very simple reason. Lyon feels the more you know about the new rules that protect you, the more you'll want to let Lyon guard your goods.

LYON MOVING • STORAGE
LYON VAN LINES, INC.

TIME, APRIL 12, 1971

THE VOLVO 164. FOR PEOPLE WHO'D PREFER SOMETHING A LITTLE LARGER THAN A CADILLAC.

A quick glance at a Volvo 164 can be very deceptive.

For instance, the 164 isn't enormous. It's three feet shorter than a Cadillac Eldorado. Which could lead you to believe that the 164 is a smaller car than the Cadillac.

Look again. What the 164 lacks in size, it makes up for in space. It has a full three inches more front legroom than the Cadillac. And the Volvo 164 has a trunk about half again larger than the Cadillac's.

If all that room doesn't impress you, drive one. The performance of the 164 isn't small either. The 164 has a powerful six cylinder engine. It's not quite as quick as the Cadillac, but it'll hold its own against many standard V-8s.

Like the Cadillac, the 164 has beautiful leather covered seats and fitted carpeting. It also comes with civilized equipment like an electric rear window defroster and tinted glass.

All of which could make you conclude that the 164 also carries a huge price tag.

Sorry to disappoint you.

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SCIENCE

NIGHTTIME VIEW OF LOS ANGELES TAKEN FROM MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY

Blinking the Big Eyes

Environmental pollution is really a problem for everyone. It now turns out that even the nation's astronomers are bothered. With urban sprawl rapidly closing in on their lonely mountain observatories, the astronomers are faced with a problem of first magnitude: the glare of city lights is threatening to put some of the country's largest optical telescopes out of business.

California, in particular, is now becoming an astronomical disaster area. The blinding glow from nearby Los Angeles, for example, has rendered Mount Wilson Observatory's 100-in. telescope useless for the kind of observations of distant galaxies that once made it world-renowned. Not far behind is the 120-in. Lick Observatory reflector atop Mount Hamilton, which is rapidly being swamped by the incandescence of the San Francisco Bay Area's expanding cities and towns. Even the 200-in. Hale mirror on Mount Palomar—the world's largest telescope—may be seriously imperiled before the decade's end by the increasing glare of San Diego and Los Angeles.

Sensitive to Glare. With a million times the light-gathering power of the unaided eye, the giant telescopes are extremely sensitive to the slightest glare in the sky. Even the light from a city 50 miles away can blot out the dim specks produced on a photographic plate by a distant galaxy or quasar. Smog adds to the astronomer's headache: by scattering ground light in all directions, tiny smog particles can greatly increase the glare over an observatory. Not only the amount, but also the character of the light can affect a telescope's usefulness. Increasingly, mercury-vapor street lamps are the astronomer's special bane. They happen to be a powerful source of ultraviolet radiation, which is in the part of the light spectrum that gives astronomers important clues to the nature of certain stars and galaxies. And if a city's street lamps and billboards give off light characteristic of a star, explains Astronomer Halton Arp, hours of patient photographic work can be ruined.

Light pollution is a slightly less serious problem around the country's other major astronomy center, Tucson, Ariz., but astronomers there are already worrying about the glowing threat. The area's five major observatories—including Kitt Peak, which expects to unveil a 150-in. telescope next year—recently petitioned the town fathers to shield and filter all mercury-vapor street lamps, ban all but essential searchlights, and pave roads with blacktop instead of lighter, reflective concrete. Aware of the observatories' contributions to the local economy, the Tucson councilmen agreed to consider the requests.

Technological Tricks. In California, where brightly lit freeways and shopping centers are a way of life, astronomers have long since given up efforts to reduce the creeping glare. Says Horace Babcock, director of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories: "It's just not realistic for us to go out now and try to get the cooperation of 80 or so cities in shielding street lights and cutting glare." Instead, California astronomers are trying other tactics. With the help of computers, for example, they can work over stellar images and remove the worst effects of extraneous light during certain types of observations. But such technological tricks are only stopgaps. Most California astronomers agree that the day is not far off when they will have to transfer their telescopes to new peaks, if any suitable ones can still be found—or give up some of their most promising explorations of the universe.

Hard Times for Scientists

Throughout the post-Sputnik era, there was unprecedented demand—and unaccustomed prosperity—for U.S. scientists, engineers and technicians. No longer. As a result of sharp cutbacks in defense spending, reduced allocations for space programs, federal tightfistedness when it comes to basic research, and a faltering national economy, the scientific community is suffering a full-blown recession of its own.

Hardest hit are engineers, scientists and technicians employed in defense and other Government-supported industries. According to the latest figures

from the U.S. Labor Department, total joblessness in these areas may run as high as 65,000. Of these, about half are laid-off workers in the beleaguered aerospace field where unemployment ranges from 10% to 15% of the labor force. Other estimates put total scientific and technical unemployment in the U.S. as high as 100,000.

The technological recession is not limited to the aerospace centers of southern California and the state of Washington. Along Massachusetts' famed Route 128, hub of the nation's electronics industry, up to 20% of the professional labor force is estimated to be out of work. At Florida's Cape Kennedy, the number of jobs has dropped by 40%. The cutbacks have even touched the onetime elite of American science. Of the nation's 20,000 physicists with Ph.D.s, at least 3,000 were looking for work at year's end; about half of the job seekers were members of last year's graduating class. A substantial number finally accepted jobs outside the country—and, in about 1,000 cases, outside physics.

The Federal Government is already making an effort to help out-of-work specialists. The National Science Foundation is sending 15 unemployed scientists and engineers in the San Francisco Bay Area back to school to learn computer technology, a field where there is still a manpower shortage. The Housing and Urban Affairs Department is joining with the Labor Department to retrain up to 2,000 unemployed engineers this summer for work on urban problems. Still, scientific leaders think this is not enough. The president of the American Chemical Society, Dr. Melvin Calvin, for example, wants direct federal salary support (\$10,000 a year) to help the jobless as they start new careers.

Last week, after his second recent meeting with industry, professional and university representatives on the unemployment crisis, President Nixon announced a \$42 million program, out of existing funds, to retrain and relocate the unemployed. The program, said Labor Secretary James D. Hodgson, reflects Nixon's determination to keep the U.S. "in the forefront of technology."

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King Size: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Long Size: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. 70.

THE PRESS

President and Press: A Debate

While he was a Presidential Counselor to Richard Nixon, outgoing and accessible Daniel Patrick Moynihan was widely popular with the press. He was the friend of many reporters, including Max Frankel, Washington Bureau Chief for the New York Times. Now Moynihan is back to university teaching and provocative writing. In a recent Commentary article titled "The Presidency & the Press," he decries a shift in power away from the White House to the press that he claims might, if it continues, seriously weaken effective Government. Frankel subsequently wrote a 15-page, single-spaced "Dear Pat" reply. Moynihan's five-point attack, and Frankel's rebuttal:

The tradition of muckraking, Moynihan says, has fallen into the hands of an unlikely new breed of Washington journalists: not only professionally elite, but "one of the most important and en-

THOMPSON, KALISHER



MAX FRANKEL

during social elites of the city." Even worse, those who have what Moynihan calls an "Ivy League" outlook bring to their work "attitudes genuinely hostile to American society and American government." Frankel's reply: "We are, of course, guilty of having switched, over the last generation, to a more educated corps of reporters, if only to keep up with the credentials and footwork of the holders of public office." It is, he adds, "one of the more enduring attractions of our business that any bright lad of proletarian or other origin can rid himself of the social and hierarchical pressures of our society to participate, as a journalist, in the political process of our country." (Frankel himself is a German-born naturalized citizen who was graduated from Columbia in 1952.)

Coincidental with the rising power of

the press, Moynihan charges, the nation has developed a concept of "near-omnipotence" in the office of the presidency, which is largely the result of Franklin D. Roosevelt's strongman tenure. The press, particularly such "presidential newspapers" as the *Times* and the *Washington Post*, sets so high a standard for the performance of any President that he is doomed to perpetual failure on their pages. Frankel argues that criticism is not the result of unrealistic expectations "but the habit of regular deception in our politics and Administration . . . the damnable tendency toward manipulation that forces us so often into the posture



DANIEL MOYNIHAN

Is the balance shifting?

of apparent adversaries." Naïve credulity on the part of the Washington press corps, Frankel adds, was shot down with the U-2 over the Soviet Union in 1960, and he prefers the "informed skepticism" that has replaced it.

Moynihan questions press use of material leaked by lower-level bureaucrats who are often motivated by personal or parochial departmental interests and actually antagonistic to the policies of the President they serve. "What the press never does say is who the leaker is and why he wants the story leaked," Moynihan contends. Frankel insists that "deliberate disclosure of information for the purpose of injuring the President is relatively rare" and asks: "Even if the deliberate 'leaking' were as harmful as you suggest, is it your contention that the press should ignore such information and pretend it was never received?"

Self-Correction. Point four in Moynihan's indictment is one that journalists have posed for themselves ever since the days of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy: How, in the pursuit of objectivity and fairness, can they avoid inflating a man and inflaming an issue?

Editors often err, Moynihan says, in judging "whether an event really is news, or simply a happening, a non-event staged for the purpose of getting into the papers." He, too, cites McCarthy, as well as a more recent focus of news and controversy, the Students for a Democratic Society. "If the S.D.S. stages a confrontation over a trumped-up issue, why oblige it by taking the whole episode at face value?" Frankel does not really contest the point but directs his rejoinder elsewhere. "Yes, we are sometimes taken in, and our readers are sometimes taken for a ride. But the culprit, far more often, is the Government, the President, if you will, than the random extremist."

The most serious failure Moynihan finds in the press is the lack of a professional corrective for failure itself. He rejects the traditional letters-to-the-editor columns as inadequate and finds a press council, like Great Britain's, unsuitable for the U.S. He applauds the *Post's* recent appointment of a veteran reporter, Richard Harwood, as the paper's internal ombudsman; it is, he hopes, a "profoundly important beginning" toward a self-monitoring press. Moynihan's concern is also the preoccupation of many newspaper editors, and a few newspapers use variants of the Harwood function to check their accuracy. Frankel's reply to the issue of self-correction is not a response to the specific point, but an attack on the entire Moynihan thesis. He writes: "Such opportunity for correction is rarely denied the White House . . . If our Presidents are seriously concerned about 'protracted conflict' with a large enough segment of our population and genuinely believe, with you, that they are steadily losing that conflict, they had better look well beyond the bearers of the bad news and certainly well beyond the morning paper. They might even look in a mirror."

The Right to Silence

The First Amendment guarantee of a free press has never been interpreted by the Supreme Court the way some journalists would like to have it—a blanket protection against any judicial inquiry into a newsmen's activity, sources and unpublished materials. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled last November that New York *Times* Reporter Earl Caldwell was right in refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the Black Panthers because the jury was on a "fishing expedition"; for Caldwell to talk, the court held, would have turned him into an investigative agent for the Government. Though an important precedent, the ruling has no binding force in other circuits. At least three new confrontations, two of them raising novel legal and editorial questions, have developed:

► The court that convicted Lieut. William Calley last week also made an unprecedented demand for some 60 hours of taped conversation between Calley

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In our most compulsive desire to make new friends we had decided to give away a whole truckload of **MACK THE KNIFE**...masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated versatile **MACK** 'Knife Of The Year.' But alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious super-numeraries who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an incipient friendship (and to ward off the 'evil eye') we should assess a token charge! Reluctantly giving in to this troglodyte we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," (although he lists for \$5.95 in our catalog). AND—that isn't all. For that same \$1 we'll also send you our **COLOR-FULL CATALOG** (which many call "America's Most Exciting Wish Book") AND—a \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE (good for your first purchase). If you think this is an unusual offer you're right. Better take advantage of it before our accountant returns from vacation and reads us the Riot Act!

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and Writer John Sack, whose as-told-to-stories are appearing in *Esquire* under the title "The Confessions of Lieutenant Culley." It was the first time a military tribunal had asserted the authority claimed by civilian courts, and in doing so Trial Judge Colonel Reid Kennedy said he did not consider Sack's stories the work of a journalist but a ghostwriter. "We're not talking about news but about a confession. As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Sack is not a news gatherer," Kennedy said. Sack's position: "I know I gathered something, and if it isn't news, why are the newspapers printing it?" He added: "What do I do on the next story? Tell the guy I'll get you on the cover of *Esquire*—and hanged?" Although the Culley trial was concluded without the tapes, the case against Sack is still pending in the U.S. District Court in Columbus, Ga. Sack promises to fight as long as the Government persists.

► TV News-Cameraman Paul Pappas got a rare invitation for a white newsman last July. The Black Panthers said he could talk to them at their headquarters in New Bedford, Mass., as long as he did not report anything that happened that night—unless he was present during a raid on the headquarters. Pappas agreed spent four hours with the Panthers and left. Five hours later, the police raided. A grand jury investigating race riots in New Bedford later subpoenaed Pappas and asked him several questions—including the identity of the Panthers he had interviewed—that he felt he could not answer without violating his agreement. He refused and appealed to the Massachusetts Supreme Court, citing the First Amendment. The court rejected his argument. With the legal and financial backing of his station, WFTV, he is now appealing to the U.S. Supreme Court.

► Underground Editor Mark Knops, 28, proclaims himself an active radical. After the University of Wisconsin's mathematics center was bombed last August and a staff researcher killed, Knops' Madison *Kaleidoscope* printed a letter from the New Year's Gang claiming responsibility for the crime. Knops has indicated that he is a friend of the gang's members and they have his "open and enthusiastic endorsement of sabotage" like the bombing. A grand jury, insisting it did not want Knops' sources, summoned him to testify in its investigation. He refused, citing the Fifth, First and 14th amendments. The Wisconsin courts accepted none of them, and Knops served four months of a six-month jail sentence before he was freed last December for an appeal. With the support of the American Civil Liberties Union, he has now gone before the U.S. District Court in Milwaukee with the claim that he has a journalist's privilege to silence. But his affinity for radicals and their cause, and his personal involvement in it, clearly raises another question: When does a journalist stop being a journalist?

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EDITING FILM FOOTAGE AT ABC

TELEVISION

The Art of "Cut and Paste"

The continuing cut and thrust over CBS's *The Selling of the Pentagon* last week got closer to the matter of "cut and paste" in Vice President Spiro Agnew's phrase. Representative F. Edward Hébert, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, filed an official complaint with the Federal Communications Commission, charging that the documentary's producers misleadingly edited film in order to disparage the Pentagon's publicity effort (TIME, April 5). Representative Harley Staggers not only complained to the FCC but also threatened to open an inquiry by his Special Subcommittee on Investigations. The *Washington Post*, though praising the import of the documentary, published two more lengthy editorials, again challenging the film's production techniques and accuracy. Not surprisingly, CBS News President Richard Salant saw the Government attack as a Washington witch hunt reminiscent of the prevailing atmosphere during the Ed Murrow-Joe McCarthy confrontation in 1954, and dramatically pictured himself as an "electronic John Peter Zenger."

Guardedness. Two segments from the one-hour program illustrate what everyone was arguing about. One showed the daily 11 a.m. press briefing at the Pentagon. During the session covered by the CBS cameras, the briefing official was asked, according to Pentagon count, 34 questions. He answered 31, begged off on one on grounds of security, and said he would have to "check back" before replying to the other two. In the excerpt CBS showed, the briefing had been edited down to just six of the exchanges, including all three evasions. Any viewer might reasonably have inferred that the Pentagon had been unresponsive to half of the reporters' questions. CBS says that the segment was not intended to show unwarranted evasion, only the Pentagon's guardedness.

Editorial tinkering of a more com-

plex nature was involved in footage on the Peoria speech of one of the "traveling colonels" who push the Pentagon line in public appearances. What appeared on the program to be a verbatim, six-sentence passage from the talk was in fact a splicing of six separate declarations—out of sequence. The Pentagon claimed that the opening sentence came from page 55 of the colonel's prepared text, the second sentence from page 36, the third and fourth from 48, the fifth from 73, and the sixth from 88. In the rearrangement, Agnew contended, the opinions coming out of the colonel's mouth are actually quotations from Laotian Premier Souvanna Phouma.

CBS maintains, with some support from a tape of the speech, that the colonel's own words and Souvanna Phouma's were so confusingly interwoven as to be almost indistinguishable. In an irrelevant, pot-and-kettle argument, the network charges that the colonel himself used his source material (a magazine interview) deceptively by quoting the Premier when he supported the Pentagon-favored domino theory and failing to mention that Souvanna Phouma in the same article warned against spreading the war into Laos.

The network's fundamental defense, however, applies to both electronic and print journalism and goes far beyond the Pentagon documentary: CBS contends that the transposition of film footage was mere technique and that the screened product was a fair summation of the colonel's rambling oratory. "The important thing," says Salant, "is whether or not you are journalistically honest in your editing, not whether you present a verbatim transcript."

Few editors would disagree with that position, yet it ignores a vital difference between print and television journalism. Newspaper and magazine readers as well as their editors understand that what is printed is a comprehensible reordering of reality: written stories normally can

and do make clear, through both words and punctuation, where significant reordering has occurred. By its immediacy, TV creates the illusion of verisimilitude. The average viewer, unfamiliar with TV's editing, was doubtless misled into believing what he saw and heard on the documentary—an Army officer during part of a speech. Because televised material is digested more easily and has greater emotional impact than news in print, distortions in editing cut especially deep. One partial remedy might be to superimpose a subtitle like "Edited Excerpts" on condensed speeches, just as some segments during the televising of space explorations are labeled "Pre-Taped" or "Simulated."

Caesar's Wife. Salant would have the near-unanimous support of all journalists in rejecting one *Post* proposal—that the subject of a film interview be granted approval rights over the final cut. That suggestion, Salant said, "strikes at the very core of independent and free journalism." No one in the press or Government suggests that TV not be allowed to edit at all. Journalism, whether print or electronic, must select and synthesize. But pictures lend themselves less readily to this process than words—which is one reason why print journalism is capable of subtlety and depth that can almost never be achieved on TV. It is also why editing TV news requires a special kind of vigilance.

Often TV editing actually makes subjects look better rather than worse. People who speak redundantly and in non-sentences in an interview may appear articulate and convincing after editing. One former CBS producer recalls how "I spent much of my time making Eisenhower sound like Demosthenes." But bias, conscious or unconscious, sometimes leads an editor to play down those parts of a speech, news conference or interview to which he is unsympathetic. Bias aside, TV cutters frequently overlay the sensational element in a statement and miss the sense of it.

Visually interesting footage still carries editorial weight that can sway news judgment. Example: one night last week, NBC Producer Robert Mulholland rejected a plane-crash story with the comment, "No flames in the film. Too quiet." But generally, the networks have matured since the days when "Shoot bloody" was the watchword of Viet Nam War coverage, and they are constantly evaluating their own performance. Last week NBC News President Reuben Frank reminded his staff in a memo that "misleading practice" has been forbidden for years and noted, "I get as weary of being called on to be Caesar's only wife as you do." By and large, the networks' editors have done well in maintaining their purity. The only major recent controversy, other than the *Pentagon* program, concerned a polemical antihosting film shown on NBC. In it, a female polar bear with two cubs is apparently stalked by helicopter and gunned down. Actually, as Producer David Wolper admits, the

killing was simulated by splicing in footage of a bear being felled by an anesthetic dart in a game-department tagging program.

Jump Cut. Even before they can make basic editorial judgments about the relative news value of stories, TV producers must overcome mammoth technical problems. Film and tape must be acquired from all over the world via Air Express or cable or satellite; when they come, there is too much footage and too little time, particularly on the major nightly newscasts. Normally, the three competing network shows have ten to 15 hours of film and tape at their disposal each day. Air time to display it usually amounts to twelve to 15 minutes. Roughly 71 minutes of the half hour goes to commercials and station breaks, the rest to items simply read by the anchorman because they are late-breaking or do not lend themselves to illustration. Perhaps seven important film stories are fighting for time each night, and a producer and film editor (in New York or at a network bureau) are assigned to cut them to size.

The story in the raw includes visual background, interviews, possibly speeches, plus an opening, closing and bridge narrative by the correspondent. By the time the film has all been run through and vetted frame by frame on the Moviola, the ratio of on-the-air footage to cutting-room-floor surplus is approximately 1 to 20. The deadlines are so relentless that few TV editors have the time to transpose film even if they want to. Just splicing together two frames of film can take up to 20 minutes, and a filmed interview can take even longer to assemble if the editor is trying to splice a single answer from two different parts of the film. A typical problem complicating such splicing, between questions, the interviewee may light a cigarette or unbutton his jacket, producing an audience-jarring "jump cut" if the splice is made. The solution is to switch to a "cutaway" in between, generally a reaction shot of the correspondent.

Even on documentaries, where time is not a problem, transposition of sequence, as in the colonel's speech on the Pentagon show, is against standing orders at all networks. David Bukshbaum, ABC news producer, who learned his trade under Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly at CBS, says: "When we edit, it never gets out of sequence. And if someone would edit out of sequence, the guy ought to be fired."

When distortion on the networks does occur, it is usually inadvertent, caused occasionally by incompetence but primarily by the shortage of air time. The entire text of Walter Cronkite's nightly newscast would fill but two-thirds of the front page of the New York Times. "Television news," says ABC Executive Producer Av Westin, "is an illustrated headline service. I know what we have to leave out, and if people do not read newspapers, newsmagazines and books, they are desperately uninformed."

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SPORT

One + A = Mismatch

Once and for all, declared the press releases, the \$288,900 Questor Grand Prix would decide the burning question: "Can brute American power beat effete European technology?" Can, in other words, the growling Formula A racing cars that are prepared in the U.S. hold their own against the sleek little Formula One machines from the international Grand Prix circuit?

Right up until race time last week at California's new \$25.5 million Ontario Motor Speedway, the drivers were doing their rhetorical best to build the gate for the "dream race." The U.S.'s George Follmer, extolling the superior acceleration of the Formula A's 5-liter engine, hinted of "fantastic refinements." Britain's Graham Hill, noting the agility and

Other top U.S. drivers suffered different misfortunes. Al Unser, winner of last year's Indianapolis 500, had to drop out when his Lola-Chevrolet developed oil pressure problems. A.J. Foyt drove a McLaren-Chevrolet until the motor quit. Follmer's Lotus-Ford suffered a broken rocker arm. British Driver Derek Bell, for one, regarded the U.S. cars as so much clutter. "It's frustrating," he grouched, "for a Formula One driver to wait for the As to get out of the way."

Passing Maneuver. Everyone got out of the way of Mario Andretti, one of the few Americans driving Formula Ones on the Grand Prix tour. During some qualifying laps, his blood-red Ferrari 312-B spun out of control and slammed into a wall. Unhurt and undaunted, Andretti hustled to Phoenix, Ariz., for another race while his me-

The Body Snatchers

"The war is on!" So declared Jack Dolph, commissioner of the American Basketball Association, after the breakdown of last year's merger talks with the rival National Basketball Association. Dolph's plan of attack: "To raid any and all talent from any and all leagues." The N.B.A., which celebrates its 25th anniversary this year, responded in kind, ambushing the four-year-old A.B.A. at every turn. The result has been a series of messy battles that make pro basketball's Greco-Roman skirmishes under the boards look like child's play.

Last week's N.B.A. draft was a case in point. The Cleveland Cavaliers, first of the league's 17 teams to choose from this year's crop of college players, selected Austin Carr, the flashy guard from Notre Dame who averaged 38 points a game this season. Carr, said Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch, was the best "available" player in the country. Among the unavailable players was 7-ft, 2-in. Artis Gilmore of Jacksonville, who had been snatched up by the marauding Kentucky Colonels of the A.B.A. for a reported \$2,600,000. Villanova's Howard Porter, the Most Valuable Player in this year's N.C.A.A. play-offs, was also bypassed by the N.B.A. teams in the first round because he supposedly had been spirited away by the A.B.A.'s Pittsburgh Condors.

Slick Maneuverings. By the same token, the A.B.A., which tried to get the jump on the N.B.A. by holding its draft four months ago, ignored All-America Sidney Wicks of U.C.L.A. in its first round. Rumor had it that Wicks was already committed to the N.B.A.'s Portland Trail Blazers. The battle for the bodies has become so intense this season that the hordes of agents descending on campuses almost have to stand in line. Says Norman Blass, a hard-sell recruiter for Athletics Advisors Group Inc.: "There are more agents than there are players to represent."

And more slick maneuverings than there are on the court. The N.B.A.'s Buffalo Braves, for example, picked 7-ft. Elmore Smith of Kentucky State as their first draft choice despite the fact that the Carolina Cougars had done the same in the A.B.A. draft. Presumably the Braves had got wind of a deal involving the Cougars and another 7-ft. center, All-America Jim McDaniels of Western Kentucky. If the Cougars landed McDaniels, the Braves apparently reasoned, they would give up Smith without a fight. Sure enough, the day after the N.B.A. draft, the Cougars signed McDaniels for \$2,500,000. In so doing, however, the Cougars blatantly defied their fellow A.B.A. team, the Utah Stars, who had drafted McDaniels as their No. 1 pick.

Tremors to Come. Unfortunately, nobody seems to be playing by the rules these days. Last year, when the A.B.A.'s Denver Rockets signed All-America Spencer Haywood after his sophomore



ANDRETTI (RIGHT) CELEBRATING QUESTOR VICTORY
The answer to the burning question: no chance.

quickness of the Formula One with its 3-liter motor, dismissed the U.S. cars as "second rate." Actually, the drivers knew the answer to the burning question all along—and so, after two 100-mile heats, did the 68,825 fans at the speedway. Ron Grable, the lone Formula A driver to finish in the top 12, said it all: "There's no chance we could ever beat them."

So Much Clutter. There is no chance either that the speedway promoters will be able to hype much interest in another dream race—unless they bill it as the Ralph Nader Grand Breakdown. The U.S. cars were not merely routed; they were run into the ground. The field—13 Formula As, 17 Formula Ones—was reduced when Swede Savage's Eagle-Plymouth spun around and crashed into a retaining wall. Savage, pulled unconscious from the car, was later reported in fair condition.

chanics repaired the car's front suspension. Hopping a helicopter and then a private jet, he got back to Ontario just in time to qualify for the 12th starting position in the first heat.

Andretti snaked around the 3.2-mile course at an average speed of 109 m.p.h., fought his way past tenacious Mark Donohue in a Formula A Lola-Chevrolet and then closed on the leader, Scotland's Jackie Stewart. Executing a neat passing maneuver on the 31st lap, he gunned by Stewart's blue Tyrrell-Ford and won going away. The second heat was more of the same as Andretti bested Stewart by a 12.3-sec. margin. After accepting his \$39,400 winner's prize, Andretti suggested that the U.S. Formula A team could take some consolation from the fact that the metal repair work on his winning Ferrari "was done right here in California, U.S.A."

season at the University of Detroit, teams from both leagues complained that Denver had violated the "four-year rule," which prohibits the recruitment of a college player until after his class graduates. The Rockets, explaining that Haywood was the sole means of support for his mother and nine younger brothers and sisters, cited a league proviso exempting "hardship cases." Happy to deny the N.B.A. another star, the A.B.A. went along. This season Haywood had a contract dispute with the Rockets and jumped to the N.B.A.'s Seattle SuperSonics for \$1,500,000. The N.B.A.'s Chicago Bulls, among seven others, immediately cried "illegal player," conveniently neglecting to mention that they too had tried to sign Haywood.

Recently, in a decision that shakes the structure of the sport, Federal Judge Warren Ferguson declared that the four-year rule violates the Sherman Antitrust Act and that Haywood is free to play with Seattle. Already, in the aftermath of the ruling, there are indications of further tremors to come:

► In the second round of the N.B.A. draft, the Buffalo Braves turned the tables on Seattle by selecting Haywood on a gamble. Taking their lead from the SuperSonics, the Braves seemed to set a new rule of their own: grab whom you can any way you can, and then let the courts thresh it out.

► The day after Judge Ferguson's ruling, the Memphis Pros signed Johnny Neumann of Mississippi for \$2,000,000. Neumann, a 6-ft. 6½-in. sophomore, was the leading college scorer this season with a 40.1 average. A.B.A. Commissioner Dolph said pointedly: "It's not a hardship case."

► The N.C.A.A., alarmed by such campus raids, announced last week that it was investigating reports that seniors from U.C.L.A., Villanova and Western Kentucky, the three top finishers in this year's N.C.A.A. playoffs, had signed pro contracts before their college seasons ended. If any or all of the reports prove true, the N.C.A.A. can invalidate the player and his team's entire season.

Clearly, it is time for peace talks between the two warring leagues. And the agenda will have to include more than just a merger agreement. The leagues would first need a special congressional exemption from antitrust laws. Further, they must reconcile their differences with the players. The N.B.A. Players' Association has vowed to fight any merger or common draft that "restrains and restricts" a player's ability to use competitive bidding to win higher salaries. Lou Carnesecca, coach of the A.B.A.'s New York Nets, spoke for everyone concerned about pro basketball when he said last week: "Before this thing gets completely out of hand, representatives from the N.B.A., the A.B.A. and the N.C.A.A. should get together and set up guidelines so that this insanity will stop. Otherwise we're going to destroy ourselves."



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Wrong.

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So, when you measure the amount of medicine received, the price really hasn't gone up. It's gone down. According to a recent independent research institute study, the same quantity of medicine costs less today than it would have a decade ago.

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MODERN LIVING

TAXI LINE-UP OUTSIDE MANHATTAN HOTEL

The Survival of the Fittest

A cab rider is a special breed. He will always ride a cab. We will never lose him.

—Manager of a Manhattan taxi firm

That's what they said about the water buffalo too, and the peregrine falcon. After a 50% increase in taxi fares last month, the Great New York City Cab Rider looked like another endangered species. But, wily and adaptable creature that he is, he has begun appearing on the city's streets in resource-

ful new guises. As a result, now it is the cabbies, more than the riders, who are in trouble.

For all its impact, the increase did little more than put New York on a par with other U.S. cities (see chart); yet no other city is so set up, and so bogged down, with mass transport that 800,000 of its citizens take at least one cab a day. Or did, before the hike. Now, with the average ride up from \$1.35 to \$2 and the oldtime \$7 fare from midtown Manhattan to Kennedy Airport almost doubled, business in New York is already down at least 20% and still ebb-

ing. Only in the rain, or late at night, does the stalwart passenger's resistance yield. For the most part, empty cabs cruise the city streets, circle the hotels and line up at airports, train stations and bus terminals, endless funeral processions for which few mourners can be summoned.

"I just love to see them empty," says Butler Sanchez, 37, a computer programmer. "Those guys think New Yorkers will accept anything. Maybe we can make a stand here and show them." Says Manhattan Housewife Jeannette Fowlkes: "I'd rather take a bus and be late than get there on time in a cab." Her husband George now drives his car when they go out at night. "Rather the cost of a parking lot," he vows, "than the round-trip taxi fare."

Many cab riders are determinedly finding merit in the subway. "It's dirty, crowded, airless and awful," says Film Maker Peter Hansen, "but it's fast, and by God it's still cheap [30¢]." One elderly woman, climbing the stairs from the IRT, said to her companion: "I don't know what all the talk is about. I didn't see a single mugging." For others, like Maxwell Dane, a founder of Doyle Dane Bernbach, only the ultimate form of resistance will do. "Walking," Dane suggested to his employees in a memo about the fare rise, "is considered a most healthy form of exercise."

Jim Beam. The Bourbon that bridged the generation gap.

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NEW YORK	Old fare \$1.05 New fare 1.50	Old fare \$2.05 New fare 3.20	
SAN FRANCISCO	1.70	3.50	
BOSTON	1.40	2.90	
LOS ANGELES	1.40	2.60	
CHICAGO	1.30	2.90	
HOUSTON	1.20	2.40	

TIME Chart by V. Puglio

Not So Roughing It

Outdoor living is acquiring more and more indoor accoutrements. Among the luxurious or merely practical innovations that are available to vacationers this season:

► The trailer subculture has evolved a bullet-shaped camper that is bidding to become the Cadillac of recreational vehicles. The air-conditioned, 25-ft.-long Discoverer, built by Detroit's Reetrans Inc., sells for \$16,000, features a pile-carpeted living room with built-in television and stereo, a wood-paneled bedroom and a bathroom complete with toilet, shower, sink, closet and medicine chest. The kitchen boasts a refrigerator-freezer, stove, roomy cabinets and sink. So far, a swimming pool is not available as an accessory.

► For campers, yachtsmen, private-airplane pilots and snowmobilers, a company named Relevant Products Inc. of Louisville has come up with the Safe-T-Cell, a compact 2-lb. super-first-aid kit. Crammed into a sturdy polyethylene cylinder are tourniquets, bandages, anti-septics, adhesive tape, aspirin, rescue blanket, waterproof matches, nylon cord, a compass and even chocolate. Marine, aircraft and camper versions sell for \$13.95; a more elaborate marine model, which also contains a mouth-to-mouth resuscitator, goes for \$17.95.

Quaint Expression. The taxi industry is maintaining a stiff upper meter. According to Arthur Gore, publisher of the trade sheet *Taxi News*, "It is only a question of time before people come round." But with the imminence of summer, drivers aren't so sure. "I drove all the way from Wall Street to the East Side without a fare today," lamented Max Fuchs. "With a situation like this, I feel like getting loaded."

Gone are the horror stories, commonplace only weeks ago, of drivers haranguing passengers, refusing trips that took them even a block out of their

way, and spitting at quarter tips. Now, eager to nurture their trade, they are reportedly all sunshine and gallantry, sprinting around their cabs to open doors. Shrugs Jacob Lativitsky: "I even go to The Bronx with pleasure." A quaint old expression is coming back into use in discourse between drivers and their customers. It goes: "Thank you."

Still, if Comedian Bill Cosby is any indication, the Great New York City Cab Rider remains unmoved. "A cabbie sidled up to me the other day," Cosby relates, "and said, 'Wanna go to Harlem, sir?' I told him I was off duty."

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Generation gap?
Jim Beam
never heard of it.



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ART

In a Black Bind

It is 1991. The dominance of the Third World is complete, and as a gesture of cultural magnanimity the director of the Nkrumah Museum in Conakry decides on an exhibition with the oddly compendious title "White Artists in America." The organizer is black (the museum has never had a white curator) and all demands from artists for a white guest curator to give advice in this delicate area are rebuffed. So the museum's man spends a nervous year among the studios of East Hampton, Venice West and SoHo in an atmosphere of mounting agitation and distrust. By the eve of the show, a number of his chosen artists have angrily pulled out, and they include many of the best white talents. The exhibition is crippled. "That's honkies for you," sighs the perplexed director to the battered curator. "Give the mothers a wall, and you get nothing but grief."

A parody? Of course. But with colors reversed, a very similar scenario has been played out at New York's Whitney Museum around a show that opens this week called "Black Artists in America." Of 75 black artists chosen by Curator Robert M. Doty, 15 have withdrawn amid a gale of controversy.

Vague Deal. The initial attacks on the Whitney's show were, ironically enough from the museum's viewpoint, spearheaded by the group that provoked the exhibition in the first place—the Black Emergency Cultural Coalition, an *ad hoc* committee chaired by Artists Benny Andrews and Cliff Joseph. The BECC was originally formed to protest against the racism of the Metro-



DANIEL JOHNSON
In the museum, a tremor.

politan's "Harlem on My Mind," and now claims 150 black artist members. In 1969 it met with Whitney officials to demand a full-scale survey of living black artists.

The Whitney's director, John Baur, agreed "because black artists have been so neglected." To organize the show, the Museum appointed Doty, who is white but had directed three earlier one-man shows by blacks at the Whitney. The BECC asked that "a black expert on black culture" be hired as guest curator along with Doty. In a prodigious diplomatic error, the Whitney refused. Its grounds were those of precedent. "Only three of our shows in the past forty years," a museum spokesman explained, "have been organized by guest experts." But Baur did agree to consult black experts "wherever feasible," an exquisitely vague phrase: the BECC, which gave the museum a list of black specialists, insists that this was not done. Curator Doty maintains with equal vigor that he did talk to these specialists, but it seems to have been a matter more of consultation than collaboration. Last January the BECC announced a "massive boycott" of the Whitney show, claiming a breach of faith. Andrews himself barred Doty from his studio.

Aesthetics or Polemics? At this point a split became apparent among the black artists themselves. While the BECC was protesting that the organization of the show was not black enough, some of the best-known black artists in the U.S. began to resent the prospect of being shut in a purely black context, as if they were anthropological specimens. They pulled out. Among them were Richard Hunt, Mel Edwards, Dan-

iel Johnson, William Williams, Joe Overstreet and Sam Gilliam. Says Johnson, who happens to be an abstractionist: "From the outset of the show, we felt it was going to be disastrous because of the confusion of race and aesthetics." He sought out Dr. Ralph Bunche, Under Secretary-General at the United Nations, who sympathized with them. Bunche went with Johnson and Williams to confer with Baur at the Whitney. Was the museum, Dr. Bunche asked, specifically involved with aesthetics or polemics? Aesthetics, Baur replied. "Then why," Bunche inquired, "are you doing a black show?" William Williams puts the issue more bluntly. "We say any museum show ought to be about aesthetics, scholarship, quality. They say this one's about being a nigger. This is a denial of the basic principles of the art concept."

Either way, the Whitney has been forced into a power game whose rules are all written by the opposing players. This is the more unfortunate since the Whitney's efforts to reflect black American art have been demonstrably earnest. Says Dealer Reese Palley, who shows both Williams and Johnson: "The Whitney is in a totally unresolvable situation in which there can be no heroes. As far as I am concerned, the Whitney and Baur have been perfectly proper in all their approaches to the black community, and did everything in their power to make the show a success."

In the show that remains, there are distinguished works by such artists as Frank Bowling, Howardena Pindell and Alvin Loving. For these and other artists who stayed on, to be caught in the crossfire is rough. "The black community is completely split up over this," says Loving. "I'm black, I'm an artist, and I can't deal with all the circumstances of America's illness. I don't want to hide my art. The first mistake was going to a white institution and asking for something." But BECC's Benny Andrews disagrees. "We've made our point," he says. "I predict that within two or three years there'll be a black curator walking around the Whitney."

The Crisis Game

"I deplore my incapacity to find out what is going on, what life and the world are about, through the confusion of propaganda, communications, language, time...." Thus Oyvind Fahlstrom, whose subject is that very confusion. Now 42, Fahlstrom migrated to New York from Sweden ten years ago. His images draw on the flood of underground comic strips, random violence, hot news and crisis in which America has saturated him. But he is an original, independent of schools and styles.

Cockroach and Crucifix. Typically, a Fahlstrom work is made of units: tiny cutout images of anything from a banana to Richard Nixon's head, from a bamboo stockade to a pile of feces, drawn with tightly focused and quite deliberate clumsiness and fixed to the base

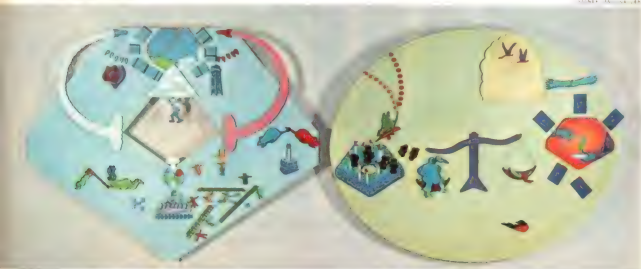
BENNY ANDREWS



Oyvind Fahlstrom: Radical Pop



"Firing Squad," 1968



"Pentagon Diptych (for Saul Gottlieb)," 1970

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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
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by magnets. The profusion and inventiveness of these units is dazzling. To scan *Firing Squad* (1968), is like spinning the selector of a TV set past images that suggest disaster but can barely be read in time—cockroaches, a panther, a G.I. doll on skis, a Bobby Kennedy headline, a crucified Lyndon Johnson. The impulse of Fahlstrom's work seems to be a fascination with the arbitrary, gratuitous way in which events impinge on us through mass media. He is a virtuoso of information-overload. The images are presented as so much raw material; they can be shifted and combined at will by the spectator, and in playing with the cutouts, one is drawn into a mysterious game, devoid

DAVID CHAN



ARTIST FAHLSTROM

The subject is confusion.

of rules, open-ended and without any final solution.

Fahlstrom's work has always been pervaded by a cold, lurid sense of breakdown—pleasure and nausea, fragmentation, calamity. Underneath it, the artist's political stance has firmed and grown more explicit. No matter how one may shove around the toy images of rockets, dollar signs and hardhats in *Pentagon Diptych* (1970), they still propose a visual indictment of bigotry and militarism.

Fahlstrom's most recent productions are brightly colored Monopoly boards on which players can practice CIA takeovers and World Bank manipulations. In their way, they are as dour and simplistic as any Weatherman communiqué, and they lack the verve and pullulating fantasy of earlier Fahlstroms. They are participatory posters, meant as ironic distress signals. Granted their bald look, it can still be said that no painter has approached the radical dissatisfactions of the times with a blacker or edgier wit.

■ Robert Hughes

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SE75

MUSIC

Female Rock

Until lately, notable female rock groups have been about as numerous as girl goalies in the National Hockey League.

Which is understandable. Today's rock climate is far removed from the sugary days of Phil Spector and his all-girl orchestra. There is nothing particularly feminine about strumming a deafening electric guitar, flailing with teet and hands at an electric keyboard, or stomping the stage shouting overamplified sex lyrics. The few females to succeed in rock (Janis Joplin, Grace Slick, Genya Ravan) have usually been singers in all-male bands.

Now, partly as a result of the Women's

Lib movement, female rock groups are breaking out around the country. Most are notable mainly for their forensic rather than their musical line: ▶ *Pride of Women*, a Detroit group, consists of four leggy but irate girls who lay down a rough, reeling beat as raw as anything done by the early Rolling Stones. Trouble is, the girls' sexual solidarity is too ferociously antimalle to be borne by anything except, perhaps, an all-girl audience. ("Get your gun, honey. Don't be afraid to kill the soldiers when they come.") *Pride of Women*, in fact, so enraged the clientele at a Louisville bar that the manager sprayed Mace at the group, which fled outside, only to find that an off-duty policeman had riddled their truck's fenders with bullets.

▶ *Goldflower* is a new New York rock trio that offers a quiet, contrived sound with occasional Women's Lib lyrics ("I'm a gettin' on woman—gettin' on by myself—sometimes I take it out and

shake it—most times I leave it on the shelf"). Composed of two college drop-outs and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, *Goldflower* works the Eastern college circuit and so far has no interest in a recording contract. "We're not trying to make money," says Singer Lorraine Shapiro. "We're trying to get women to organize and fight repression."

▶ Los Angeles' newest girl group somewhat coyly calls itself *Fanny*. More commercial than combative, *Fanny* already has an album, just released by Reprise Records. The sound is not impressive. But the sight of four young girls making rock-'n'-roll music is still a novelty, and the girls have been able to start a tour.

The one outfit so far that can compete with top-level male band quality is



JOY OF COOKING'S TERRY GARTHWAITE & TONI BROWN WITH BOYS
A long way from Phil Spector.

en's Lib movement, female rock groups are breaking out around the country. Most are notable mainly for their forensic rather than their musical line: ▶ *Pride of Women*, a Detroit group, consists of four leggy but irate girls who lay down a rough, reeling beat as raw as anything done by the early Rolling Stones. Trouble is, the girls' sexual solidarity is too ferociously antimalle to be borne by anything except, perhaps, an all-girl audience. ("Get your gun, honey. Don't be afraid to kill the soldiers when they come.") *Pride of Women*, in fact, so enraged the clientele at a Louisville bar that the manager sprayed Mace at the group, which fled outside, only to find that an off-duty policeman had riddled their truck's fenders with bullets.

▶ *Goldflower* is a new New York rock trio that offers a quiet, contrived sound with occasional Women's Lib lyrics ("I'm a gettin' on woman—gettin' on by myself—sometimes I take it out and

Joy of Cooking, and it is only partly female. The group is owned and led by two 32-year-old women, Terry Garthwaite, a tough rock singer, plays electric guitar and sings with a scatchy authority that can suggest Janis Joplin. Her partner, Toni Brown, a pretty Bennington graduate, sings, stomps around the stage, plays electric piano and organ, and writes songs about what it is like to be a woman ("Time goes, and the baby keeps growin', and I can't help knowin', baby I love you"). The girls—backed by three males, Fritz Kastner, 27, drums, Ron Wilson, 37, congas, and Jeff Neighbor, 28, bass—produce a reasonably rich mixture of blues, waiting gospel and riffs of pure country, folk and hard rock, all curiously overlaid with Latin conga rhythms.

Joy of Cooking does best on *Only Time Will Tell Me*, a gospel song written by Toni and sung by Terry, and *Cavities*, which ends with the two girls twin-

ing their voices in a long, wild scramble of Afro scat singing.

Joy's first album, just released by Capitol, is slowly climbing the charts. Meanwhile, the group is getting ready for a nationwide tour. It has been a long wait for recognition. Terry and Toni formed their outfit in 1967, but for four years they played mainly pass-the-hat parties, high schools and local dives. "I guess we're not as aggressive as we would be if we were males," Toni explains. "We stuck together, though, partly because women have a lot to say and they're just not saying it in music."

At *Mandrake's*, the Berkeley nightclub where Joy got its real commercial start, male patrons would occasionally jump on the stage, grab the instruments from the girls and try to take over. In general, fees were lower than for comparable male groups too. For a while, it looked as if Joy of Cooking might remain one of America's thousands of unknown "party" bands. At one point, Terry and Toni were actually forced to revert to making and selling dresses to pay the rent.

Now the gigs are rolling in, along with good money and praise from critics. It remains to be seen, though, if the male-dominated world of rock music is really ready for Women's Lib.

The Spirit of 78

They were easy to break. They held only about four minutes of music per side. They were so heavy that a complete *Dan Giovanni* ran to 23 records and weighed in at a shelf-sagging 44 pounds. Most people in the late 1940s were glad to see the old 78-r.p.m. disks being phased out in favor of lightweight, long-playing, superior-sounding micro-groove records. Now, though, those old 78s may be coming back again.

The British Institute of Recorded Sound Ltd. has just announced it will issue exact copies of some of the choicest antiques under the His Masters Voice label; they will press directly from the original master records and will now to modernity only by using vinyl instead of the old-fashioned, noisy-surfaced shellac. The idea has more than mere nostalgia to recommend it. Most LP transfers of 78 material change and degrade the original sound. But the new old 78s will have both unfiltered high frequencies and unrumbled lows. Hardly comparable to the sound of the LP era, they nevertheless restore a forgotten adequacy of the sonic—and artistic—achievements of the past. As a result, nearly forgotten singers like Conchita Supervia, Fernando de Lucia and Maria Nemeth will be resurrected and sent along to collectors in their original sonic quality.

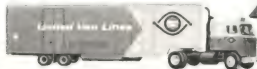
Only 20 disks a year have been planned so far, though the number will be increased if initial response proves strong. Says Desmond Shawe-Taylor, one of the institute's governors: "This is a historic opportunity for 78 collectors. It is unlikely that another chance will ever recur of exploring the treasures that remain in the archives."

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RELIGION

Is Passover Christian?

At first, the half-hour television film *The Passover* seems to be one of those instructive seasonal documentaries. A Jewish family is sitting down to a typical Passover Seder. An announcer tells the story of the Exodus, the Jews' anguish in Egypt and their struggle to leave, and that terrible night the Angel of the Lord passed by the houses of the Jews to strike down the first-born sons of their Egyptian masters. On the traditional Seder table are the symbolic foods: the salt water and bitter herbs, reminders of the time of bondage; the roasted lamb, recalling the paschal sacrifice on the eve of the Exodus; the mixture of apples, nuts, spices and wine, symbol of the mortar with which the Hebrews made bricks for Pharaoh. And of course, the three matzot, which, suggests the narrator, "represent the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

Represent the *what*? The Christian Trinity? What kind of Seder is that? Not an ordinary one, to be sure. It is the Seder as seen through the eyes of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, a 77-year-old Protestant evangelical organization, whose efforts to convert Jews now stretch to six countries. At a cost of \$100,000 for air time and extensive promotion, the board planned to show the film in a dozen major U.S. cities this week to coincide with both the Christian Holy Week and the beginning of the eight-day Passover celebration at sunset Friday. "In April," announced an ad in *Christian Herald*, "one million Jews will watch one *Christian* telecast." If the million are in front of their TV sets, they will be watching something else. In the face of criticism from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Synagogue Council of



FRA ANGELICO'S "LAST SUPPER"

The roots are in 1st century Judaism.

America and the New York Board of Rabbis, the New York showing of the film was canceled last week. Stations in ten other cities followed suit.

Jewish Easter. The Rev. Daniel Fuchs, general secretary of the American Board of Missions to the Jews (and himself the son of converts from Judaism), was puzzled by the uproar. When the show was broadcast last season in Los Angeles, Fuchs says, the board received 5,400 requests for literature, more than half of them from "Jewish names." At least six of the inquirers, he says, were converted to Christianity, and only about 20 letters were critical.

It would be difficult to deny the program's proselytizing intent. In its harsh conclusion, the film argues that Passover is "a clear prophecy of a greater story, the story of redemption through Christ the Messiah, the Lamb of God, who lived and died and rose again for

the redemption of all who believe." That reading is based on a long tradition of Christian exegeses of the Hebrew scripture, which sees prefigurings of Jesus' mission in many Old Testament passages and practices. Jewish criticism, accordingly, was not so much aimed at the fact of proselytizing as at the method. Some Jews assailed the program for using their own festival in an attempt to evangelize them; others were resentful because the Christian message was slyly introduced into what first appeared to be a documentary.

Christians, of course, will now miss the show, too—and its other message, which was to inform them of their own heritage in the Jewish feast. Ironically, in a spot radio broadcast for Easter and Passover on New York's WINS this week, Ecumenicist Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum is reminding Christians of that religious link. The events of Holy Week, he pointed out, "cannot be understood, as Jesus and his early followers understood them, apart from their profound rootedness in First Century Judaism." There is, of course, the obvious fact that the Gospels record the Last Supper as a Passover meal. But Tanenbaum goes further: "The pilgrimage to Jerusalem with palms was a traditional practice of the country Jews of Palestine, who inaugurated the Passover festival by such rites. . . . The retreat to the Mount of Olives was based on the practice of King David, who made a pilgrimage there to wrestle in a cave for seven days with the spirit of death, only to emerge victorious."

Tanenbaum speaks from considerable historical evidence. Which suggests another question and perhaps another documentary: How Jewish is Easter?

* Christian proselytizing of Jews has become a thing of the past in the U.S. Roman Catholic Church and most major U.S. Protestant denominations, but it persists in a number of fundamentalist churches and such independent bodies as the "uchis" group.



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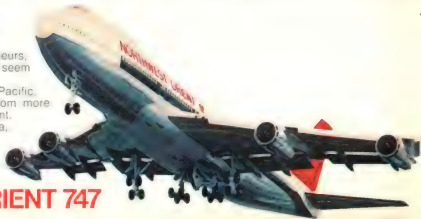
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BEHAVIOR

Sex and the Super-Groupie

To most beleaguered males, it would seem that the U.S. has enough demonic spokesmen for Women's Lib without having to import them. But Germaine Greer, 32, who arrives this week to publicize her new book *The Female Eunuch* (McGraw-Hill; \$6.95), has some outstanding credentials. A contributor to the European underground press and lecturer at the University of Warwick, she has a Cambridge Ph.D., lean good looks, an unquenchable stream of bright, wild talk, much of it unprintable, experience on the telly, and a new proposal for the oppressed sex.

A six-foot-tall Australian, Greer is billed as the rare feminist who likes men. In fact, she seems obsessed by sex. Her marriage lasted only three weeks, but she speaks freely of her pleasure in being a sort of super-groupie, and the sort of woman who can tame violent men. Indeed, there are a few passages in her book that make her sound more like a Helen Gurley Brown than a Kate Millett. (Keep your lover by letting him go free. If you have joy and strength, you will never be lonely.)

Affirm the Libido. Most of *The Female Eunuch* is a thorough exegesis of the tenets of Women's Lib—exaggerated, unreasonable, but written with passion, wit and a bottomless supply of earthy words from centuries back.* Though Greer is erudite, her book is far less intellectual than Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, with its long, scholarly analyses of Mailer, Lawrence, Miller and Genet. Greer is more interested in the popular press, which she combs for illustrations of her thesis. To her, woman has become a eunuch, a poor creature castrated and forced into passivity by men, who have somehow commandeered all the world's energy.

Many American feminists assume that a woman's libido must be denied if she wants to get on in the world. Quite the contrary, says Greer. What vitiates women's energy is their suppression of their sexuality. Nor does Greer agree with the radical women who believe in giving up men as a revolutionary tactic. Sex, she says, is the arena of confrontation in which new values must be hammered out.

Forget about Organs. Greer is also concerned about the "clitoromania" of some of her American sisters. Freud believed that in the psychosexually mature woman, the primary erogenous zone was the vagina, but Masters and Johnson found the clitoris equally important. Women's Lib theoreticians were delight-

ed, and Anne Koedt's pamphlet called *The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm* has become an important part of the liberation canon, bought today even by high school girls with inquiring minds. Greer takes bold issue with the notion of "the utter passivity and even irrelevance of the vagina." It is time, she says, to put the clitoris in its place as only "a kind of sexual overdrive in a more general response." More important, one should make love to people and not to organs.

Greer also has some pragmatic criticism of the U.S. movement. Mrs. Friedman's vaunted accomplishment in desegregating *Help Wanted* columns simply meant that "more qualified women wasted more time and energy reading about, applying for and being rejected



GERMAINE GREER
Concern for clitoromania.

from jobs they had no chance of getting in the first place." As for the demand that women should get equal pay for equal work, Greer thinks it is much ado about little. The hard fact is that women very seldom do equal work. This is partly their own fault. "Opportunities have been made available to women far beyond their desires to use them. [And] the women who avail themselves of opportunities too often do so in a feminine, filial, servile fashion." Why? Because women's energy "is systematically deflected from birth to puberty, so that when they come to maturity they have only fitful resource and creativity."

How to redirect that energy? Back to active sexuality for women, Greer's triumphant answer to everything. Anyway, she says, "men are tired of having all the responsibility for sex; it is time they were relieved of it."

* Women have been called drabs, slommacks, trapeses, malkins, draggletails, blowens, howdy baskets and bobtails. As for the act of sex, Greer likes the obsolete word *swave* because it has no vulgar linguistic emphasis on "the poking element."

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OPENING SCENE OF "LOVELAND" SEQUENCE FROM "FOLLIES"

Seascape with Frieze of Girls

The frontier of the American musical theater is wherever Harold Prince and Stephen Sondheim are. Last season, the producer-director and composer-lyricist collaborated on *Company*, which focused a diamond-cutting laser beam on marriage, Manhattan-style. With *Follies*, Prince and Sondheim, together with Choreographer and Co-Director Michael Bennett, have audaciously staked out some unknown territory. They have put together the first Proustian musical—an act of dramatic creation even more daring than making a Proustian film (see CINEMA).

Compacted of memory, dreams and desire, the illusions and disillusion of love, the shifting structure of the self, *Follies* fuses all into one of the great haunting themes of the Western mind: Time. *Follies* is a triple-edged title. It means the Ziegfeld *Follies*, the follies of people in love, and the follies one commits by not fully knowing who one is or what one wants.

Valiance & Tenacity. Like Proust's madeleine, the tea cake that summoned up for the narrator of *Remembrance of Things Past* his childhood world of Combray, *Follies* has its touchstone of memory. The interiorized past is brought to life by an outward object, one of those old, ornate Broadway theaters. Designer Boris Aaronson has made of it a poignantly dilapidated shell where the spectral applause of a thousand opening nights hangs palpably in the air. The showplace is in the demolition phase, as are the people who enter it: chorus girls back for "a first and last reunion."

Among the guests at the party are Ben Stone (John McMartin), lawyer, author and diplomatic bigwig, who married Phyllis (Alexis Smith), an ex-*Follies* girl; and Buddy Plummer (Gene Nelson), an oil-rigging salesman, who married Sally (Dorothy Collins), also an ex-*Follies* girl. We swiftly learn that both marriages are empty failures. Younger versions of the foursome sing, dance and mime their yesteryear courtship rituals. Sally has always worshipped Ben, but we see him making a drunken

pass at another old flame (Yvonne de Carlo). Buddy rather brutally tells Sally that he has a girl in Dallas who is everything to him that Sally is not. Phyllis is essentially the married widow of the philandering Ben.

While these sour truths seep in, the old *Follies* girls (De Carlo, Fifi d'Orsay, Mary McCarty) do their thing. Ethel Shutta siphons pure delight out of a number called *Broadway Baby* and reminds us, as do the others, of how much more verve, authority and presence the older stage professionals possessed than do many of their flaccid present-day counterparts. A campy show might have mocked the old stars, but *Follies* shows an un-American respect for age by honoring their skill, valiance and tenacity.

Top Hat, Hot Pants. The replica of a *Follies* show highlights the evening. The re-creation is titled *Loveland*, and there is a shivery moment as the tall, lovely girls descend the traditional staircase. Beauty dapples the stage like a cascade of roses. Each of the four principals does a song or dance number denoting his or her folly: Buddy's is self-hatred; Sally's, being in love with love; Phyllis's, a blurred identity; Ben's, self-proving quests, no satisfying goals.

Rarely have such searching, un sentimental questions and answers been put to a Broadway audience with such elegance and expertise, Sally's number *Losing My Mind* is the torch-singing peak of the show, but Sondheim's entire score is an incredible display of musical virtuosity. It is a one-man course in the theatrical modes of the '20s, '30s and '40s musicals, done not as parody or mimicry, but as a passionately informed tribute. Michael Bennett's dances have a charged, steely precision, a top-hat, hot-pants staccato rhythm. James Goldman's book lacks the dry, wry brilliance called for by Prince's direction, yet still evokes the mood of Proust's closing words: "I would describe men, even at the risk of giving them the appearance of monstrous beings, as occupying in Time a much greater place than that so sparingly conceded to them in Space; a place indeed extended beyond measure, because, like giants

plunged in the years, they touch at once those periods of their lives—separated by so many days—so far apart in Time." Apart from Proust, few men have been equal to that task. The makers of *Follies* do not succeed completely, but even to approximate it in a Broadway musical is an indelible achievement.

■ T.E. Kalem

Big Funny, Small Funny

If someone is going to put a wet diaper in your hand, pick Sandy Dennis to do it. The girl makes it seem like some sort of unpublicized honor. A delectable scatterbrain, she appears to be permanently stalled somewhere between bed and breakfast. Sandy is one of life's winning losers. Her eyes imply that the tear ducts were installed first, and her voice box quivers with a heart broken in transit. Perhaps she is every father's illusion of a vulnerable daughter. Count her a big funny plus in a small funny British comedy import called *How the Other Half Loves*.

Ditto: Phil Silvers. If someone is going to do an in-place jog in your living room in a blue sweatshirt, and rig the timer so that he won't collapse in the middling prime of his life, then why not share the pleasure of Phil's strenuously hilarious company? What with his toothy grin and Dennis' prehistoric incisors, the pair might be auditioning for a dentist's convention.

The play is about that common sequel to marriage, adultery. To define it further, it is also about that common sequel to adultery—how to keep the spouse from finding out. Silvers is the cuckold. His wife (Bernice Massi) has spent part of the night with a prized employee of his. Among sexual detectives, Silvers rates on a par with Dr. Watson. Only the final curtain brings light to his cloudily creased forehead.

This is not a comedy that will incur the enthusiasm of devotees of Aristophanes, Molière, or even Neil Simon. To laugh at *How the Other Half Loves* is a little like making a midnight raid on the refrigerator, half ashamed but sneakily satisfied.

■ T.E.K.

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MEDICINE

Debate over Laetrile

In a motel room in Imperial Beach, Calif., the thin man from Arizona puffed nervously on a cigarette as he told his story. Suffering from cancer of the lung, he was told last fall that he had only months to live. Two weeks ago, he came to Imperial Beach, and since then he has regularly driven across the border to Tijuana, Mexico, and visited a clinic where he receives a shot of Laetrile, a controversial drug that has been outlawed in the U.S. since 1963. Already, he claims to be better. Says he: "I feel now like I'm not going to die."

Out of Apricots. Laetrile is a drug made from apricot pits and contains cyanide, among other things. It is one of the most long-lived, though probably not the last, of a long series of questionable cancer "cures," all of which are susceptible to exploitation. Since conventional medicine concedes that it has no sure cure for many types of cancer, those condemned to die from the disease are understandably willing to try anything. Laetrile was developed in 1950 by Ernst T. Krebs Jr., a biochemist who studied at but did not graduate from Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia. Krebs claimed that Laetrile, which he labeled vitamin B-17, can prevent all cancers by alleviating the nutritional deficiency that he is convinced causes the disease. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration, however, disagreed. In the absence of clinical proof that Laetrile actually worked against cancer, the agency refused in 1963 to allow its interstate shipment.

Modest Fees. The FDA's order, however, did not stifle interest in the drug. Manufacturers in Mexico and Monaco are now producing Laetrile, and California's McNaughton Foundation, which also funds research in diabetes, parapsychology and heart disease, championed its cause. Nor did the FDA warning frighten the desperate. Since 1963, more than 2,500 American cancer sufferers, many of whom had given up on other treatments, have flocked to the Tijuana clinic, which is run by affable Dr. Ernesto Contreras, a graduate of the Mexican Army Medical School.

Contreras' claims for Laetrile are as modest as his fees. The doctor charges only \$10 for a first visit, \$7 for subsequent visits, \$3 for a gram of the drug. He says that Laetrile is just "another chemotherapeutic agent against cancer," though it seems clear that many of his patients feel otherwise. They claim complete cures or remissions after only months on the drug. Their contentions are difficult to assess, since few have submitted themselves for exam-

inations at recognized medical facilities.

The U.S. medical establishment has continued to take a hard line on Laetrile. The American Cancer Society and the American Medical Association oppose the drug on the grounds that its efficacy is unproved. So does the FDA, which says: "There is no evidence, either preclinical or clinical, that it would be effective. There is not the slightest hint that it would work."

Few oppose Laetrile more strongly than Grant Leake, chief of the fraud section of California's bureau of food and drugs. In late February, his agents arrested five people, including Krebs and a woman who ran a rooming house catering to Dr. Contreras' patients. All the suspects were charged with conspiracy or violations of the state's drug laws. The crackdown is described as a

PHOTO BY AP/WIDE



CONTRERAS IN TIJUANA CLINIC
Many claims, small proof.

necessary action to protect the gullible. Says Leake: "We're going to protect them even if some of them don't want to be protected."

Refused Test. Krebs and others have repeatedly appealed to the FDA for permission to conduct controlled tests of Laetrile's effectiveness. But few scientists have supported the request. An exception is Dr. Dean Burk, head of the cytochemistry section of the National Cancer Institute. He has tested Laetrile on mice, and concludes: "The stuff is absolutely harmless, so why not give it a try?" Why not indeed? A test could resolve, once and for all, the question of Laetrile's effectiveness. In the absence of such a test, the debate—and the accusations—can only continue.

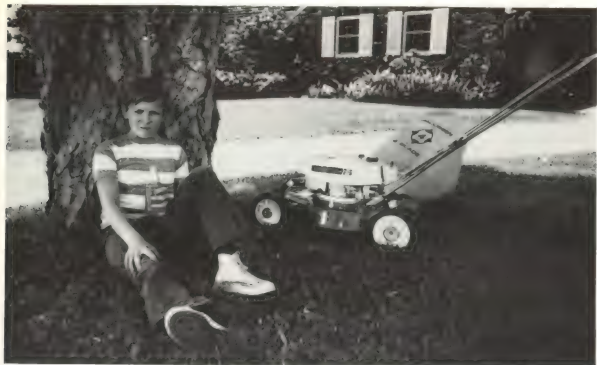


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BUSINESS

Billion-Dollar Gamble in Whisky

AMERICAN distillers operate within so dense a thicket of state and federal laws that many a seasoned drinker might think that the ghost of Carry Nation continues to haunt the industry. But the real reason behind all the regulations is not a spirit of Prohibition, which is in retreat almost everywhere, but the fact that liquor is the second largest source of revenue for the Federal Government (after the income tax). It is almost as important for hard-pressed state governments. Officials are understandably eager to keep close con-

regulations over the manufacture of the drink; for example, Washington no longer stipulates that vodka has to be filtered through charcoal. The decision has opened the way for small companies, especially in the Midwest and on the West Coast, to nip in with a cheaper product.

Let There Be Light. By far the most important measure was the Government's decision to permit U.S. distillers to make a totally new kind of tittle called "light whisky." Pale in color, varying in strength between 80 and 90 proof,

Most U.S. whisky men agree with Joseph Haefelin, American Distilling's vice president and research director, who says, "Light whisky will make it because it is in tune with the times." The times have not been kind to bourbons and rye blends, which are often the preference of a breed that seems to be vanishing—the men who take their tots neat. Though both types of whisky continue to rank first in the thirst of U.S. drinkers, their appeal is diminishing. Vodka, the quintessential light drink, with little flavor and less aroma, is becoming increasingly popular. Scotch and Canadian blenders have also profited by promoting their products' lightness.



INSPECTING FROST B-80 AT LOUISVILLE DISTILLERY

A marketing success—or a monumental morning after.

trol over such a rich source of cash. Whisky makers complain that rigid, archaic regulations have blocked them from following the changing attitudes and tastes of the nation's 93 million liquor drinkers. Now, some of the rules are being relaxed, partly to enable domestic distillers to meet growing foreign competition. As a result of decisions by the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of the Internal Revenue Service, the American liquor business is in its greatest period of ferment since repeal.

Lately distillers have won federal approval to experiment with plastic bottles. Though they cost more than glass bottles and have less sparkle, lightweight plastic containers are cheaper to ship, offer vast possibilities for imaginative shapes, and are easier for consumers to carry, particularly in the half-gallon size. For convenience some bottles are made with handles. In another major move, designed to create more competition and lower prices in the vodka market, the Government has gradually relaxed its

and bland-tasting enough to get lost in the mixer, it will come to market in July 1972. An estimated 140 million gallons are gently aging in warehouses, and the inventory is expected to reach 200 million gallons by introduction time.

The new drink represents a billion-dollar gamble, the industry's biggest since repeal. The prime plungers: Schenley, Seagrams, National Distillers, American Distilling and Publicker. They are betting that the drink will appeal to changing American taste, especially among young people and women, who generally demand a "light" liquor. No one can even predict with certainty how light whisky will taste until it has matured a legal minimum of four years; in its present unripened state it somewhat resembles whisky-flavored vodka. Prices will range between the cost of a popular Scotch like Johnnie Walker Red Label and an inexpensive blend like Imperial. Some new brands will appear, but many of the larger companies will bottle their new drinks under old, familiar labels.



HAEFELIN SAMPLING THE NEW SPIRIT

The results can be seen in the following share-of-market figures:

	1957	1970
Bourbon	30%	23%
Blended spirits	34%	19.5%
Scotch	8%	14%
Canadian	5%	9%
Vodka	6%	12%

The bourbon and blended-rye distillers were most interested in turning back the competition by bringing out a light whisky, but until recently they were effectively barred from making it. Federal law required that anything labelled "whisky" had to be distilled at less than 160 proof—because the lower the proof of distillation, the more pronounced the flavor. The whisky executives, led by Haefelin, argued that spirits distilled between 160 and 190 proof, as the lights are, still had enough taste to be called whisky. They also contended that the flavor would improve if this whisky were allowed to mature in used casks—like Scotch and Canadian whisky—rather

than the new ones required for bourbon and rye. In 1968, the Government gave in to the industry on both counts, and the distillers began the four-year process of aging their light whisky. One side benefit: by ripening the whisky in used casks the distillers will hold down production costs. The barrels that Americans had bought for about \$25 and sold slightly worn to Scotch producers for about \$3 can now be used over and over again for up to 40 years.

Diamond Lil and Moby Dick. Distillers are already clashing over the market for lights. Brown-Forman got Government approval to bring out a new light drink this year—a clear-as-whisky, 80-proof potion called "white whisky." The drink, named Frost 8/80, is distilled at more than 160 proof, then filtered through hardwood, softwood and nutshell charcoal to make it colorless. Schenley, National Distillers and American Distilling have brought suit—so far unsuccessfully—to halt the marketing of Frost 8/80. They accuse Brown-Forman of jumping the gun on their spirits of '72 and of causing confusion that could hurt light whisky's introduction.

Brown-Forman introduced Frost 8/80 last month in 15 major markets. The whisky is promoted as "a bar in a bottle" and buyers are urged to try their favorite mixed drinks under a heady assortment of new names. Thus, using a base of Frost 8/80, a Bloody Mary becomes a Diamond Lil; a Manhattan, a Great White Hope; a Daiquiri, an Igloo; a Martini, a Moby Dick; and a Screwdriver, a Monkey Wrench. The new whisky, it seems, is versatile enough to masquerade as gin, vodka or even rum.

Seagrams has brought forth a new light entry of its own. The company recalled its Four Roses brand, increased the neutral spirit content to lighten its flavor, renamed it Four Roses Premium, added 10¢ to 15¢ to the price and introduced it with a splashy promotion campaign two weeks ago. To speed consumer acceptance, Seagrams salesmen have been passing out free samples of the new drink to key customers of local dealers. The company's ads have already drawn federal attention. One message reads: "We can offer a product right now that can't be equalled a year from now." The Internal Revenue Service has entered into discussions with Seagrams. The IRS men want to guard against any implication that Four Roses Premium is the equivalent of light whisky.

Whatever its plans for Four Roses Premium, Seagrams, like many distillers, is still banking on the acceptance of light whisky. Says Jack Yogan, Seagrams executive vice president: "If light whisky is a success, it will probably capture 10% to 12% of the total market in ten years." Otherwise, the American liquor industry could be in for a monumental morning after.

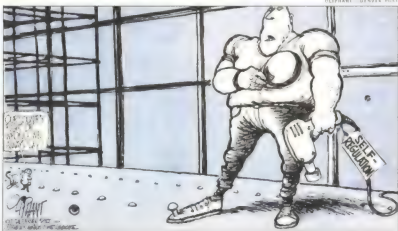
THE ECONOMY Guideposts for Hardhats

In his battle against inflation, President Nixon has shunned the ultimate weapon of a wage-price freeze. "Such controls treat symptoms and not causes," he has argued. Besides, he says, they do not work, are inequitable and incompatible with a free economy. Last week Nixon bent his principles to fight raging inflation in the nation's largest industry. Carefully avoiding rigid controls, the President imposed what he called a largely voluntary "system of constraints" designed to stall the wage-price buildup in construction.

Although the constraints may very well fail, Nixon picked the right target. Building costs have jumped 12% during the past twelve months, partly because the unions in 1970 won pay

bucked the job to a new Interagency Committee on Construction, which will also devise standards for management pay, bonuses and stock options. As a concession to labor, Nixon rescinded his mid-February suspension of the Davis-Bacon Act, which requires that local "prevailing wages" be paid on all federally aided construction. The suspension enraged the nation's 3,500,000 hardhats, while contractors complained that it would have scant effect on this year's wage contracts.

Nixon's new plan pleased contractors, though they would have preferred a wage-price freeze. In a public statement, the building unions denounced the order as "fundamentally unfair in applying strict controls to wages and a vague procedure with respect to profits and prices." Privately, union leaders were somewhat more conciliatory,



"... AND THIS I DO WILLINGLY FOR MY COUNTRY'S GOOD!"

increases averaging 18.3% for the first year of their new contracts. The high settlements have become a source of envy and a goal for other unions.

Bit by bit in recent months, the toll of inflation has dragged a reluctant Nixon toward an incomes policy. In his latest move, the President established a guidepost for construction wage increases: about 6% a year. His executive order called on labor and management to set up "craft dispute boards" to review collective-bargaining agreements in each of the 17 construction trades. The boards' findings will be scrutinized by a twelve-man Construction Industry Stabilization Committee drawn equally from labor, management and the public. The 6% ceiling is somewhat elastic; it could be higher in some places if "equity adjustments" restore traditional pay differences among crafts. Should the reviewing authorities find any increases to be too large, the Government may refuse to award federal building contracts in the affected locality, or it may ignore the new rates in determining fair wage standards for federal projects.

The President set no criteria for contractors' price increases. Instead he

offering to give the plan a fair trial. Many labor chiefs are embarrassed at some of the extravagant pay increases won by headstrong local union leaders, but under the Landrum-Griffin Act they have little power to intervene. Their publicly stated indignation at Nixon's plan is partly a gesture intended to show militant members that they put up a fight.

Fragile Guidelines. The Administration also indulged in some face-saving by claiming that suspension of the Davis-Bacon Act had softened union opposition to wage-review boards. In fact, union leaders had said that they would make no deal at all until the President restored Davis-Bacon. Still, in negotiations with Labor Secretary James Hodgson in February before Davis-Bacon was rescinded, the construction labor chiefs expressed willingness to accept an even tougher Government program. They were willing to take a wage-price freeze for 30 days or so, while a wage-review board would be established and given power to enforce or even impose settlements. What the union leaders refused to do, for fear of reprisals from militant members, was agree to the Administration demand that they promise

to sit voluntarily on the board. When they balked, Nixon suspended Davis-Bacon, and tension rose between the Administration and the hardhats.

To win union agreement to the latest deal, Hodgson had to promise that the White House would not even temporarily freeze wages and prices. Nor would the unions consider any plan that had real enforcement muscle, such as the use of court powers to slap down any increases above the guideline. As a result, Administration officials are dubious that the new Nixon plan will check labor's appetite for fat raises. Indeed, some union leaders have told Hodgson privately that they will go on strike for pay increases of at least 10% during the first year of any new contract. The test will probably come within 60 days when some construction local is asked in the name of economic stabilization to accept a smaller pay increase than it wants. If the system breaks down at this point, Hodgson warned last week, the White House will be ready to take stronger steps. "This Administration is determined to stabilize the industry," he said. "If one method fails, others will be tried."

Other labor settlements could also shatter construction's fragile 6% wage guideline. The United Steelworkers, for example, recently won a three-year 3.14% pay increase from the can industry. Last week Union President I.W. Abel vowed that his members will accept nothing less from the steel industry this August. Having adopted an incomes policy for construction, President Nixon will face intense pressure for similar action in other areas.

CORPORATIONS

Lessons from the Land

Q: What type of enterprise do Chrysler Corp., CNA Financial, Fibreboard, Walt Disney Productions, International Paper, LTV Aerospace and Signal Oil all have in common?

A: Development of recreational real estate.

There is a lemming-like quality to today's corporate captivity with large-scale ventures in leisure-time communities. Scores of prominent, publicly held companies have leaped into the risky business, investing more than \$700 million in the hope of big, though perhaps slow, profits. Few have become so extensively involved as Boise Cascade Corp., which has 29 recreation projects spread from Hawaii to New Hampshire. The company's chiefs, much to their surprise and dismay, have belatedly discovered that environmental zealots are increasingly able to stall or block even the well-planned development of unspoiled woods and shorelines.

About 14 years ago, for example, Boise Cascade bought 17,000 forested acres along a finger of Puget Sound near Bremerton, Wash., and laid elaborate plans to convert about a third of the property into a community of va-

cation homes. Pouncing on the fact that the company failed to specify that it would install a sewer system, conservationists and local residents began to complain about possible pollution. Kitsap County commissioners imposed so many conditions that the development is still stalled. "We tried to relate to the local people," says David Carey, the project manager, "but we didn't know how. They were frightened out of their wits." Because of another communication gap, Boise Cascade's state-approved plan to create a hotel and resort complex on the island of Hawaii started a furor among people opposed to just about all speculative subdivisions. The company has sunk \$30 million into



BOISE CASCADE PROJECT AT INCLINE VILLAGE. Scores in the forest, wounds in the profit.

the development but has not yet sold the first lot.

All together, Boise Cascade lost \$11 million last year in recreation markets. At the same time, the recession and tight money weakened two of the company's mainstay activities, housing and lumber. As a result, total profits fell 55% to \$13.4 million, while sales dropped 1% to \$1.7 billion. During the fourth quarter the company suffered a net loss of \$5,100,000.

That performance was doubly disappointing because until last year Boise Cascade had seemed to be doing just about everything right. In the 14 years since energetic Robert V. Hansberger, now 50, took over as president, the company has spread from lumber into other building materials, paper, packaging, office supplies, factory-built houses, on-site houses, apartments and mobile homes. Almost all of Hansberger's 35 mergers have been with firms related

in one way or another to timber or its uses. Even last year's acquisition of San Diego-based CRM Inc., a publisher of magazines (*Psychology Today*) and textbooks, fits the pattern. A Harvard Business School graduate, Hansberger was so successful in filling his headquarters in Boise, Idaho, with imaginative young men from elite business schools that other companies made Boise Cascade a hunting ground for executive recruits. Hansberger, however, had a stable of ready replacements.

Mistaken Silence. How could such a company topple into trouble in land development? One reason, admits Executive Vice President John Fery, is that the company had picked up some different managers along with the land companies that it had acquired. "We had people running that operation who didn't give a damn about Boise Cascade's public image," says Fery. Frequently, high-pressure salesmen (some earning as much as \$100,000 a year) encouraged customers to buy lots for speculation, thus arousing conservationists. Another difficulty, says Hansberger, is that "we didn't fight back when attacked. Frankly, it was a mistake."

A different approach would surely have helped Boise Cascade in its most painful environmental battle. Bulldozers had hardly begun carving the roads for a resort community—called Incline Village—on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe before conservationists denounced the company for contaminating the lake with silt and creating ugly scars in the alpine forest. As the company went through a maze of government agencies to win permission to build 3,000 homes, it met furious opposition at every point; so far, the company has been able to build only ten homes and four condominiums. Though other developers were almost entirely responsible for despoiling the fragile terrain at Incline Village, a conservation-minded group of students derisively gave Boise Cascade an award as "polluter of the year."

The Lynching Rope. Rather than risk more calamity, says Hansberger, "we'll never go to a spot of natural beauty again. The situation is just too emotional." Well-intentioned conservationists—and some groups that merely want to bar entry to all newcomers—may force other big corporations to avoid projects in ecologically sensitive areas. Ironically, the effect of their withdrawal would be to leave second-home development in the hands of the shoestring operators who created most of today's mess. So long as U.S. population and incomes keep rising, more people will be seeking a home away from home, and the demand for leisure-time projects can only increase. Not long ago, the *Daily Union Democrat* in the sleepy Sierra Nevada foothill town of Sonora, Calif., extended a note of sympathy: "Whenever there's an ecological lynching party, Boise Cascade comes out on the loop end of the rope."



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PANTY-HOSE AD FOR MIAMI MILL
Getting to the seat of the problem.

CONSUMERISM
Sheer Madness

If there is a thread that binds the mass of American womanhood into a bloc of seething revolutionaries, it is made of 20-denier nylon—the essence of panty hose. When panty hose appeared in 1965, they were welcomed as the most important advance in fashion technology since the garter. Lately, the ubiquitous underleggings are drawing the deepening disapprobation of irate wearers.

There are problems apanty: bad fit, inscrutable markings and long-distance runs. Of the thousand-odd brands on the market, only a handful are readily recognizable as reliable products of prominent mills. Among the biggest are Burlington, Kayser-Roth and Hanes. The rest, usually identified only by numbers on file with the Federal Trade Commission, are made in both well-known and obscure mills all over the country. Prices range from 59¢ to \$4, and many women cannot see a corresponding difference in quality. Until recently there has been no effort to standardize sizes. Colors are often enigmatically described—as Caffe Brazil, Debonair or Nude—on the outside of hard-to-see-through packages.

Thick and Tired. After going around buggy-kneed and wrinkle-ankled, Missouri Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan has asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the \$1.1-billion panty-hose industry. "I got disgusted," she explained. "Some packages say they fit all, but it's impossible. You have your tall girls, your short ones. You can't have one or even two sizes that fit all. They're mislabeled." Mrs. Sullivan has a fast-thickening file of complaining letters from anti-panty women across the country.

Senator Philip Hart set his antitrust subcommittee to work on the problem last September. His investigators found that some imports were not designed for American females. Women have

complained that Japanese "fit-all" hose may fit all Japanese women, but are as much as three inches short for Americans, and that many German entries are better suited for the often broader-beamed and fatter-calf belles of Europe than for U.S. women. The committee uncovered guaranteed non-run hose with hole-spawning flaws and "seconds" passed off as "perfects." Like Mrs. Sullivan, Hart has asked the FTC to investigate hanky-panky.

Sit to Fit. In an attempt to get a leg up on its critics, the industry has been trying to straighten out the mesh for some time. The National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, which represents most big-name mills, took measurements from 10,000 women in order to determine the most common height-weight combinations. The group aims to get the entire industry to use the data as a basis for standardized sizing. Burlington is sponsoring a national advertising campaign to educate women in the proper way to enter (sitting down) and maintain (wash after each wearing) the company's products.

Some panty men say that the seat of the problem is customers' attitude. "They've had a preconceived notion," complains a top official of a major manufacturer, "that all the panty-hose manufacturers are dishonest—that they might as well buy a cheap pair as a more expensive pair. The consumer has become a sucker for a low price." There is another snag. Many women, retailers say, buy a panty-hose size that accommodates their lithe self-image rather than one that approximates reality.

AUTOS

Last Ride for a Status Symbol

The buyer of a convertible car used to type himself as a free-spending sport. Today he types himself as a nostalgic eccentric. Once a symbol of status and romance, the convertible is well on its way to joining tail fins on the scrap heap. They account for only 1.5% of 1971-model sales, down from 1.6% in the 1970 model year and a peak 6.7% in 1963. The trend is toward an even lower percentage; American Motors

stopped making cars with roll-down tops in 1968, and Ford may do the same in the next model year, which begins this autumn. "We are almost certain that this is the last year we will be making convertibles," says one Ford executive.

The popularity of air conditioning, which now goes into 60% of all new cars, is probably the prime reason for the convertible's demise; it offers coolness without the disadvantage of a noisy ride. Vinyl roofs, which now go on 43% of U.S.-made cars, provide the sporty look at lower cost.

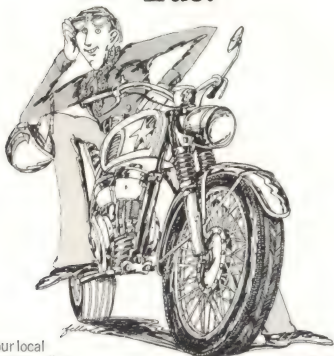
The convertible also has fallen victim to major changes in the U.S. physical and social atmosphere. Riding around with the top down is a dubious pleasure in the polluted urban air of the 1970s. And Ralph Nader's safety crusade has prompted some would-be buyers to consider how they might fare in a roll-over accident—even though there is no statistical evidence that convertibles are less safe. In an era of growing crime, the convertible is an easy target; knife-wielding thieves can readily slash through the top to loot or steal a parked car. Besides all that, observes Chuck Norwood, a member of Lincoln-Mercury's product-planning staff, "the convertible was part of a life-style that has changed. Men used to take their girls out on moonlit nights to country lanes" where they could tower the top and admire the stars. Today, notes Norwood, the man is more likely to take the girl back to his apartment for a more direct approach.

All is not lost for fresh-air fiends, however; automakers are increasingly replacing the convertible with the European-style sliding sun roof. "It allows light and ventilation," says Norwood, "but shuts out dirt, noise and potential thieves." Until recently, demand had been too small for automakers to set up an assembly-line procedure for making sun roofs; they still send many cars to the seven-year-old American Sunroof Co. of Southgate, Mich., where craftsmen cut a hole in the roof and install a sliding steel panel. But the market is expanding so swiftly that in January American Motors began making sun roofs on its own assembly lines.

A.M.C. GREMLIN WITH SUN ROOF



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MERCHANDISING

The Profitable Earth

Recipe for a business boom: take the hip life-style, add a pinch of nostalgia and stir in generous helpings of Ralph Nader. That unlikely combination has created one of the nation's fastest-rising businesses, the merchandising of organic foods. Basically, these are the foods that great-grandma used to eat. They are grown without the aid of chemical fertilizers or pesticides, and processed without the use of emulsifiers, mold inhibitors, bleaches, preservatives, binders, buffers, drying agents or any other test-tube additives.

A few years ago, the market for such products was fed by a scattering of fadists, who patronized a handful of "health food" shops. But that was before the back-to-nature spirit roused the young, and much of the rest of the nation was shaken by the cranberry scare, the mercury-in-tuna scare and the cyclamate scare. Says Marshall Ackerman, executive vice president of Rodale Press in Emmaus, Pa., which publishes books and magazines about the movement: "I've been in this business for 16 years, and nothing happened for the first 13. Since then it's become phenomenal." Last year the organic food shops had sales of about \$200 million.

Welcome to Babbitt. At latest count, 2,500 organic food stores were operating in all 50 states. In Florida, stores are opening at the rate of one a day. The largest concentrations are in the capitals of hipdom: New York and California, but organic food stores have also reached Ozark, Ala., Longmont, Colo., Penacook, N.H., and Babbitt, Minn.

Fred Rohe, president of New Age Natural Foods, a San Francisco-based chain, plans to sell stock to the public and start a franchising operation. Some New Yorkers are talking of organizing an organic foods mutual fund for investors. The newest wrinkle is the organic food supermarket, with well-stocked aisles and fleets of shopping carts. In Manhattan, at least, their customers come from all walks of life; long-haired young men with backpacks, wealthy parents with children, a few blacks and a sprinkling of the elderly. Many of them are operating in suburban shopping centers. Conventional supermarkets are also setting aside space for organic food departments, but most of the business is controlled by private entrepreneurs. One of them, Mrs. Mary Hatch, 65, left a job as a mortuary organizer to open a store in San Ramon, Calif. Says she: "I saw so

many dead young people when I worked in the mortuary—so many who would have lived if they had realized that you are what you eat."

The foods sold in organic shops can reach for the exotic: carrot cupeakes, sunflower-seed cookies and countless varieties of honey, including alfalfa, avocado, tupelo blossom, eucalyptus, mesquite and thistle. Manhattan's Good Earth market offers 13 varieties of dates (among them Halawy, Khadrawy and Zahidi*), three types of yogurt, including goat, organic ice cream and pizza and 125 types of herbal teas. The strawberries, lettuce, tomatoes and chicken can hardly be distinguished from those



ORGANIC FOOD STORE IN MANHATTAN
Out with binders and buffers.

in conventional markets—except, aficionados insist, by healthfulness and taste. The most striking difference is price: 25% to 50% more than regular foods.

Residue of Worries. The premium results not from production expenses—manure is no costlier than chemical fertilizers—but a shortage of supply. Merchants have trouble finding farmers to produce as much as their customers want to buy. Farmers tend to be wary of the new market and are reluctant to go back to growing without chemicals. One consequence is that rumors are going around that residues of pesticides have been found on some supposedly organic foods. Worried entrepreneurs are talking about the need for a nationwide system of standards and inspections. Recently, there was a minor scandal when some discarded labels from chemically processed food were discovered on the floor of an organic foods emporium in Greenwich Village.

* Three varieties that originated in Iraq but are now also cultivated in California.

MILESTONES

Born. To John D. Rockefeller IV, 33, West Virginia secretary of state, and Sharon Rockefeller, 26, daughter of Illinois Senator Charles Percy: their second child, a girl; in Charleston, W. Va. Name: Valerie Blanchette.

Born. To Strom Thurmond, 68, South Carolina's Republican Senator, and Nancy Moore Thurmond, 24, former Miss South Carolina (1966): their first child, a girl; in Greenwood, S.C. Name: Nancy Moore. Watching her perform noisily in her crib, Thurmond quipped: "I believe she's staging a filibuster."

Died. Joseph Valachi, 66, professional criminal turned informer; of a heart attack; at a federal prison near El Paso, Texas, where he was serving a life sentence for murder. During public hearings before a Senate subcommittee in 1963, Valachi revealed details of the operations and membership of the crime syndicate popularly called the Mafia. He argued that the organization was actually called "La Cosa Nostra" (Our Thing), a fact that some insiders doubted, but Valachi's testimony gave currency to the term and stimulated the Government's campaign against organized crime.

Died. Sherman Mills Fairchild, 74, inventor and industrialist; in Manhattan. A college dropout (Harvard, University of Arizona, Columbia), Fairchild turned a knack for tinkering into an aviation and photographic empire. While at Harvard he invented a primitive flash camera; by 1918 he had developed one of the first between-the-lens shutters for aerial cameras. The need for an aircraft to use his cameras for aerial mapping led him into plane building, and in 1926 the fledgling Fairchild Aviation Corp. introduced the first enclosed-cabin monoplane. During World War II, Fairchild turned out thousands of PT-19 trainers and developed the C-119 "Flying Boxcar" transport. At his death, he was one of the largest stockholders in IBM and chairman of both Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corp. and Fairchild Hiller Corp.

Died. Charles A. Cannon, 78, chairman of Cannon Mills Co.; of a stroke; in Kannapolis, N.C. Son of the company's founder, Cannon initiated a number of industry advances, including pastel colors for towels and matching towel sets, that helped to make Cannon Mills one of the largest textile companies in the nation (1970 sales, \$306 million). Yet he was also the last of the oldtime textile barons. He owned and ran the company town of Kannapolis. Though his company was a publicly held corporation, he once refused to send proxy material to outside stockholders because the New York Stock Exchange "established a new set of rules, and we disagree with some of them."

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"It provides an excellent combination of performance and economy."

"Vega is quick and nimble without the sports car harshness most American sedan buyers find objectionable."

"... a car for all occasions."

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MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED: "The roadability and handling (of the Vegas) on the GM sports-type car course was excellent, quick and sure. The vinyl-covered bucket seats were extremely comfortable. These cars are easy to get in and out of due to their large doors."

ROAD TEST: "Chevy pulled out the stops on this one. Aluminum ohc engines, four body styles, high-style options put it in a class by itself.... The Vega is innovative without being complex."

ROAD & TRACK: "The best-handling passenger car ever built in America."

GARY SPEDOSKE: "I'll take one of each."





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CINEMA

Hommage à Proust

Tell me where is fancy bred, / ... in the heart or in the head?

—William Shakespeare

In the knee, actually. Or so says Author-Director Eric Rohmer (*My Night at Maud's*). As always, Rohmer remains resolutely out of style. People go to bed and talk—only talk—the whole night through. The quarry always contrives to keep the pursuer in view. Politesse is stressed: sexual desire hovers about conversations, but some things are just not spoken in mixed company.

In *Claire's Knee*, Jerome (Jean-Claude Brialy), a 35-year-old diplomat, is



DE MONAGHAN IN "CLAIRE'S KNEE"
A joint, not an entertainment.

about to marry his longtime inamorata. Before the wedding he makes a nostalgic trip to provincial Annecy, where he spent his boyhood holidays. There he meets an old friend, Novelist Aurora (Aurora Cornu) and two *jeunes filles en fleur*, Laura (Beatrice Romand) and Claire (Laurence de Monaghan).

Despite her given name, De Monaghan's gender is unmistakable. She is the most erotic film teen-ager since Lee Remick's drum major in *A Face In the Crowd*. But Jerome is a creature of such intellectuality that lust comes to him in whispers. It is not Claire's torso that he craves. Only her knee. In time he manages to palpate the beloved object.

Such a minor conquest might recall Critic Percy Hammond's snipe at chorus lines: the knee is a joint, not an entertainment. Yet Rohmer's mandarin tact edges *Claire's Knee* close to philosophy. The acting reminds one of water spiders, which manage to stay on the surface by never being still enough to sink. Nestor

Almendros' photography, with its floating summer vistas, is Proust's Combray come to life. When Aurora suggests that Jerome has become one of her fictions, he seems so, obeying impulses that originate from a mind not his own.

Claire's Knee is, essentially, an opalescent homage to M. Marcel Proust. As 19th century Russian fiction is supposed to have tumbled from Gogol's *Overcoat*, modern French films have risen from Proust's *Remembrance*. Proust's work is clustered with optical allusions, accounts of the distortions of love in the fourth dimension of time. In its way it was the end of a line that could not be continued on the page—that needed the liberation of the camera. Directors such as Karel Reisz (*Isadora*) and Alain Renais (*La Guerre Est Finie*) acknowledge their debt to the master in every temporal experiment. Rohmer is no less a disciple, but much less a film maker. His work is sterile in its perfection; it lacks nothing but passion. And without that Proustian quality, all drama, all conflict, however witty or profound, becomes mere talk.

• Stefan Kanfer

Golden Nonsense

Readers of '20s Columnist Don Marquis sometimes found his space occupied by the work of archy, a lowly lower-case friend. archy never had the strength to depress the upper-case key, and his punctuation was atonal in any key. It was understandable; though he had been a "vers libre hard" before his death, his soul had transmigrated into the body of an ambitious cockroach. It was assumed that archy died again along with his creator in 1937. Not so:

well boss i was crushed by the news
the n y daily news to be exact
rolled up and wielded by a janitor
but my soul came back again as a
roach
i must be doing something right

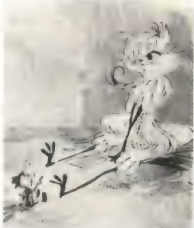
hoping you are the same i remain
your faithful correspondent p.s.

there is a new full length cartoon
entitled shinbone alley
which isaw on the cufj
and later the collar of a critic

boss to a mosquito a man is merely
something to eat
a louse i know told me that
millionaires and bums taste alike

ergo it is time us six-footed scarabs
got our chance shinbone alley
is that chance

we are the stars of this flawed
twinkle
along with my old amour
mehitabel the cat who makes a
jeline
for every tom in town



ARCHY & MEHITABEL IN "SHINBONE ALLEY"
Stroking a platitude ...

mehitabel's voice is that of
carol channing
who can stroke a platitude
until it purrs like
an epigram

i am voiced by eddie bracken
who doesn't have enough to do

john d wilson's animation
presents me with six limbs
which is honest and mehitabel
as glamorous which is prevarication

for the real thing check
geo herriman's 20s illustrations
which seemed to sing hells doli
or miro miro on the wall

i especially liked two songs
flotsam and jetsam and the title
number
they seemed to catch what you called
the golden nonsense of the heart

the other numbers like the animation
seemed to be
saccharine rather than pungent
but as mehitabel is wont to say

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ARCHY & MEHITABEL IN THE '20S
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wotthehell wotthehell
mine not to complain
i am just a roach on
the loat of life
glad to be recalled at all

my spirit glitters in shinbone alley
and the kids with no memories
and the oldsters with long ones
will dig me
as for those inbetween

it is best to remember
that it could be verse after all to wit

though parts of my screen bio
are strictly from hunger
i may not be immortal but
i m not getting any younger

■ i.k.

Witches' Brew

Action Director Don Siegel (*Coogan's Bluff*) changes his pace in *The Beguiled*, a Southern gothic horror story that is the most scaring film since Rosemary birthed her satanic baby.

The Beguiled, a witches' brew of Ambrose Bierce and Carson McCullers, is set in a rundown Louisiana finishing school toward the end of the Civil War. A ten-year-old student named Amy (Pamelyn Ferdin), stumbles on a gravely wounded Union soldier (Clint Eastwood). Instead of turning him over to a Confederate patrol, the girls and their two teachers (Geraldine Page and Elizabeth Hartman) nurse the trooper to health. The gently held prisoner coolly plays off his jailers against each other, hinting marriage to one teacher, making advances toward the other, (tillating students. When his duplicity is uncovered, *The Beguiled* concludes in violent retribution and double-edged revenge.

Siegel creates an eerie tension with his color camera work (superbly executed by Bruce Surtees) and precise, polished editing. Much of the action takes place in Eastwood's shuttered room, but Siegel extracts from the confined space an almost tangible sense of claustrophobic terror. His work with the actors is equally felicitous. Eastwood, working with Siegel for the third time, exudes a cool, threatening sexuality. Elizabeth Hartman is affecting as a young spinster and Geraldine Page provides a haunting portrait of thwarted lust. The young girls are the most remarkable children seen on-screen since *Our Mother's House*, especially a sultry temptress named Jo Ann Harris and the remarkable Pamelyn Ferdin, who credibly transforms from idolater to avenger.

The problem with most tales of night-shade and magnolia, of course, is the denouement: *The Beguiled* simply winds down. Siegel and his scriptwriters have contrived a conclusion that is brutal but predictable. Although they paint themselves into a corner and don't quite escape gracefully, it is at least a lot of spooky fun watching them get there.

■ Jay Cock

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BOOKS

On the Road to Manderley

When the unnamed heroine of *Rebecca* thought she went back to Manderley again, she was dreaming, of course, about the grief-drenched mansion where she had been so scared and had acted so dumb. But there has nevertheless been a real and steady procession back to Daphne du Maurier's literary landmark by women who know exactly how to conduct themselves. Some of the world's most prosperous authors check in every year either at Manderley or at one of the two other historic homes on the tour: Thornfield Hall, where Jane Eyre was governess, and Wuthering Heights.

Although the book trade often inaccurately lumps the results together as

(ST. FRIEDMAN/CECILIA)



PHYLLIS WHITNEY

"gothics," romantic suspense stories or romantic biography would be more descriptive. Under any heading, the genre comprises one of the few boom areas in a generally depressed publishing industry. In the past year or so, sales have almost doubled. Three notable examples—Mary Stewart's *Crystal Cave*, Victoria Holt's *Secret Woman* and Elizabeth Goudge's *Child from the Sea*—all spent a comfortable winter on the bestseller lists. For top gothics, paperback sales—the real and durable market—can run into the millions.

According to Doubleday and Fawcett, the principal publishers, the readership for such romances consists mostly of women looking for nonelectronic escape: teen agers, housewives, travelers and other solitary people. Literary reviews are rare and have little influence. What sells is the author's name on the jacket and that illustration showing a girl and a castle.

Women's romance was rediscovered as a really rich commercial prospect in the late '50s when sales of straight historical novels and detective stories sagged and publishers needed a new kind of formula entertainment to promote. Today the field is dominated by Victoria Holt, the most prolific writer, and Mary Stewart, the most accomplished. Right behind come such veterans of genteel fiction as Norah Loftis, Catherine Gaskin and Phyllis Whitney, the only American in this group who

DEBRA DAVES



ELIZABETH GOUDGE
Touching tribute.

has a major reputation. Elizabeth Goudge tends toward "atmosphere" and romantic biography. There are newcomers coming along—Jill Tattersall, Jane Aiken Hodge—but neither has yet had a major hit.

For the genre, the breakthrough book was Victoria Holt's *Mistress of Mellyn* (1960), which sold a million copies. Though it was in itself a touchingly direct tribute to *Rebecca*, *Mellyn* has become the model for many of the new romances. The plot concerns Martha Leigh, a young gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, who comes to a vast mansion in Cornwall to care for the motherless daughter of enigmatic Connan Tremellyn. Even before Martha falls reluctantly in love with Connan, she learns that his wife's death was both scandalous and mysterious, that he is surrounded by neighbors with ambiguous motives and that there is now a child at the gatehouse that provocatively resembles his daughter. Martha becomes mistress of Mellyn, but not before she is nearly buried alive.

These days, any experienced romantic reader would greet each page like a fond landmark on a trip back home.

Martha is a typical heroine: shy but proud, quick with the truth but slow to subtlety, attractive in certain lights but no raving beauty. Connan is a worthy offspring of Mr. Rochester, a weary, sardonic fellow who never gets around to explaining the only thing the heroine has to know. Romantic props abound: deliciously enigmatic dreams, shadows in windows, gossiping servants, a horse that throws the child. Even the nomenclature is classic: Alvean, Gillyflower, Celestine.

Next to a naive girl the most important prop is a house. It should be a vast, forbidding domicile replete with walled-in rooms and a name that resonates like the surf it often fronts: Manderley, Mount Mellyn, Castle Credition.

The literary pros who construct these buildings agree that the hardest problem is getting the girl into the house for a believable reason. The classic way—

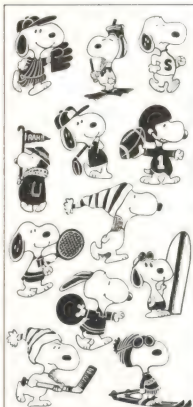
MARY GARDON



NORAH LOFTIS

introducing her as governess—is still not scorned, but it is somewhat dated and overused. Alternatively, she can be a secretary, nurse, an orphaned relation.

After the house, the general setting is vital. Anywhere in Wales or Cornwall will do, and there is choice literary real estate in Scotland and Ireland. The trend, though, is toward more exotic places. Mary Stewart has been to Greece, Austria and Lebanon in search of fresh landscape. Even Victoria Holt, who built her career on familiarity with English history, has packed her bags: her next book will be set in Australia. Phyllis Whitney is just back from Norway with practical advice about scouting locales: "Islands are easy. You do your homework before going and get introductions from people like librarians when you arrive. Cities are harder. In Istanbul, I solved the problem by concentrating on just one mosque, one covered ha-



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tennis		bowler			
golfer		fan			

zaar, one small town up the Bosphorus."

One must not suppose that all these ingredients are conjoined in cold blood. The best genre writers, like Victoria Holt and Phyllis Whitney, identify with their heroines. They also identify with their audience. It is not entirely coincidence, therefore, that like the Brontë sisters many gothic writers are products of a sequestered, lonely childhood with plenty of time for fantasy.

► Mary Stewart, née Rainbow, 54, is a vicar's daughter from Durham in the rugged northeast of England, who had enough narrative knack by boarding-school age to keep the other girls awake telling stories for hours after lights-out. She is the brisk, jolly image of a faculty wife: her husband is head of the geology department at Edinburgh University. In 1950, having learned she could not have children, she sat down



MARY STEWART
Narrative knack.

with some foolscap on the table and *Wuthering Heights* in her head and began writing novels. Says she: "I probably would never have written them if I'd had babies." At her best, her prose moves as fast as Charlotte Brontë's, which is fast indeed.

► Phyllis Whitney, 67, can scarcely recall a time when she was not scribbling something. Her father was an itinerant shipping agent, and she spent her childhood in Japanese and Philippine hotels. To her, hair-raising suspense stories suggest home and hearth because that was usually all her mother could find to read aloud at bedtime. She has written everything: stories for Sunday-school papers and pulp magazines, juvenile and teen-age books as well as novels. She hates housework and has no hobbies, preferring to sit at the typewriter all day writing fiction or dealing with a huge correspondence. Outside, her husband, a retired businessman, cuts trails through their 100 acres of western New

Jersey woodland so the grandchildren can ride in the snowmobile.

► Elizabeth Goudge, 70, has led an even quieter life. The only child of a parson, she spent her youth in two English cathedral towns, Wells and Ely. She never married, never expected her writing to become more than a pastime, and now lives serenely in a tiny 17th century house in the Thames Valley. The most lyrical of the group, she is also the least concerned with plot. *Child from the Sea* is her 25th novel, and she claims mildly that it will be her last.

► Victoria Holt is a pseudonym, the only one in the group. Its owner is a childless London widow named Eleanor Hibbert, 64, who now spends much of her time on luxury cruises. She is incredibly prolific—more than 100 books in all—and contrives wondrously complex plots. In addition to romances, she does straight historical novels under the name Jean Plaidy.

If any of the ladies breaks the pattern slightly, it is Norah Lofts, simply because she is outspoken. Sample, on the relation between her art and life: "I've had two very happy marriages and before that an affair or two, and the only time I've seen a man on his knees, he's been chasing a collar stud." She is the most perceptive writer, the only one who can make a meaningful connection between her research and the dramatic situation. A grandmother at 66, she lives in Bury Saint Edmunds, the ancient market town where she was born, in a Manderley-size house whose architecture manages to combine Tudor, Queen Anne and Georgian periods. There is a Rolls in the garage, but the author insists: "Except for gin and cigarettes, I could live on a pound a week."

All the ladies clearly prefer working to spending. Indeed, one of the real mysteries that surrounds the genre is what the authors do with incomes that can run well into six figures annually. They all feel their writing matters, and few are willing to admit they write formula fiction, let alone "women's novels." Says Mary Stewart: "I cannot read what you would call a woman writer." Speaking of critical neglect, Norah Lofts says, "I feel neglected, I feel infuriated, I feel resigned—sometimes all at once. I just think it's very wrong because it may deprive some people of the joy that a good read would give them."

■ Martha Duffy

Rock Candy

THE SWEETMEAT SAGA by G.F. Gravenson. 241 pages. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey. \$6.95.

In much the way that fish cannot conceptualize water or birds the air, man barely understands his infosphere, that encircling layer of electronic and typographical smog composed of clichés from journalism, entertainment, advertising and government. Gravenson, a writer of TV commercials, undoubtedly has contributed more than his share of

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THE SWEETMEAT SAGA

THE EPIC STORY
OF THE SIXTIES
g.f. groverson



"SWEETMEAT" JACKET

Hansel and Gretel of the infosphere.

pollutant. But with a little help from his friends (he claims to have written his novel under the influence of marijuana), he seems to have hovered above the infosphere long enough for an entertaining and satirical look.

Composed of chips of life, snatches of dialogue, news flashes, commercial interruptions, sight gags and puns arranged to resemble an eccentric audio-visual TV script, *The Sweetmeat Saga* is a nicely transparent put-on about the disappearance of Pookie and Paul Sweetmeat, twin rock superstars of the '60s. In keeping with the author's mythic intent, Pookie and Paul never appear. As the subjects of a nation-stopping search, however, their presence is never in doubt.

Born in 1945 on V-E day and gone for good just before their 21st birthday, the Sweetmeats came to mean something to just about everybody in America at one time or another. The middle-aged remember them as those darling eight-year-old stars of *Hansel and Gretel*, tragic dears orphaned by an auto crash, who became the exemplary children of the Marezies Outs oatmeal commercials. To the kids who had to eat the gruel, Pookie and Paul were the double thrust of the '60s youth rebellion. Paul is revered for exposing himself at a Dallas rockfest, Pookie for burning her bra at a Miss America pageant and announcing that "some of my best lovers are high public officials."

The search for Pookie and Paul—a typical American hush of the latest action and instant nostalgia—finally converges at Big Sur. The searchers include the National Guard, herds of stoned teen-agers, vast tangles of journalists, swarms of hucksters, a pornographic-movie company and numerous freelance freaks. It adds up to the cultural happening of the '60s. But just before the Sweetmeats are located, the nation's airwaves suddenly go dead.

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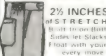
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The reader is left with two possible explanations for this, neither of them quite satisfactory: 1) the official establishment, guardians of Telstar, etc., decided to protect the public from some sort of transcendental truth that would be bad for business; 2) the event itself was becoming so charged that it blew the nation's fuses. Unfortunately, Author Gravenston is not clear about which theory applies, although he insinuates both in a jarring epilogue in which he suddenly drops his comic mask and opts for some heavy social criticism. Reality has been edited out by the media pharisees, presumably leaving us to ponder the neo-Berkeleyan question: If no one saw what happened on TV, did anything really happen?

Up to the blackout, *The Sweetmeat Saga* offers the pleasure of seeing a minor talent at the top of his form. Gravenston has an excellent ear for grotesque banality and a fine sense of timing. The unconventional narrative form allows him the freedom to hit and run without the need to bury each character and incident according to the rituals of traditional prose fiction. Indeed, pursuing the book's odd typographical construction, the eye takes in whole pages as if they were pictures, and the mind follows amiably as it develops a taste for the Sweetmeats. The reader gets the amusing sensation of watching and listening to a book rather than reading it.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Gainful Godliness

LION COUNTRY by Frederick Buechner. 247 pages. Atheneum. \$5.95.

Vagueness and insubstantiality are the qualities at hand when Antonio Parr wakes up in the morning. Parr is a man in his 30s who has a small private income and has worked without delight as a teacher, a failed novelist and a junk sculptor. "I resorted as little as possible to welding," explains the hero of Frederick Buechner's ruefully funny new novel, "but used balance wherever I could or the natural capacity of one odd shape to fit somehow into or on top of or through another—entirely autobiographical, in other words—the idea being to leave the lover of my art (of me?) free to rearrange it with love in any artful way he chose. Permanence was the enemy, and no one, least of all my poor, unwelded Ellie, could say I failed to live my faith."

Ellie? A chaste and timid rich girl with whom, nickel by nickel, Parr spends his time. She plays the piano in her Manhattan apartment while Parr lies on the rug listening: "It is this foot that I see most clearly, a rather generous-sized foot in a heelless brocade slipper working up and down on the soft pedal while I lie there on the floor watching it at eye-level. In answering Bebb's ad, I am sure that I was, among other things, hungry for fortissimo."

Bebb? A sleazy evangelist, the Lord's

pitchman, the proprietor of an ordination-by-mail diploma mill. Parr sends Bebb the suggested love offering and becomes an ordained preacher by return post. Bebb himself appears shortly thereafter: fierce and shrewd and seedy, awash in the blood of the lamb—and in plans for begging the Internal Revenue Service. He is there, he says, to save Parr's soul and teach him gainful godliness.

Novelist Buechner (*A Long Day's Dying*) was ordained a Presbyterian minister and served for a time as chaplain of a boys' prep school. It may be that this professionalism allows him his easy way with the rigors of belief. Without satire or solemnity, he describes Bebb's religion—a life force as sleazy as its peddler. Bebb is, among other things, a sexual exhibitionist, and there is a memorable scene at the altar of his cinder-block church in which he restores potency to an oil-rich old Indian by raising up his own loins in thanksgiving. Eventually Bebb's more than comely daughter cures Parr of chastity. Nervously and without clear motives, like a man signing up for \$400 worth of Great Books, Parr makes a commitment to life. Or to living in lion country. (One of Bebb's stunts is to walk unarmed among rutting lions at a local game preserve.)

In an odd way, the reader does not enter Buechner's rarefied world but stands outside admiring. Presently he realizes that Parr, the hero, and Buechner, who invented him, are standing there beside him too. So is all that is visible of Bebb. A conversation develops among the onlookers that is solid, witty and as full of profundity as one could wish for on a hot day. Disbelief is not suspended, but since things are so pleasant, there is no reason that it should be.

■ John Shaw

Best Sellers

FICTION


1. QB VII, Uris (1 last week)
2. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (2)
3. The Throne of Saturn, Drury (4)
4. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (8)
5. The Underground Man, MacDonald (3)
6. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (7)
7. The Antagonists, Gann (6)
8. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (5)
9. Islands in the Stream, Hemingway (9)
10. Love Story, Segal (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
2. Future Shock, Toffler (3)
3. Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (2)
4. The Sensuous Man, "M" (4)
5. Civilization, Clark (6)
6. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (5)
7. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (7)
8. The Rising Sun, Toland (8)
9. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (9)
10. The Beautiful People's Beauty Book, Princess Luciana Pignatelli

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